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Victory Bells

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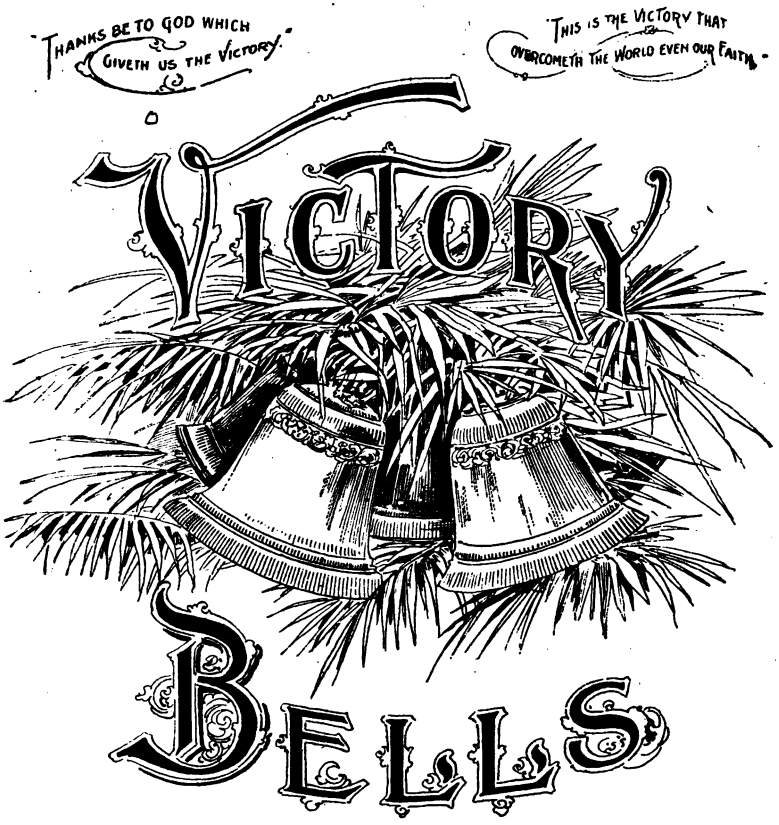

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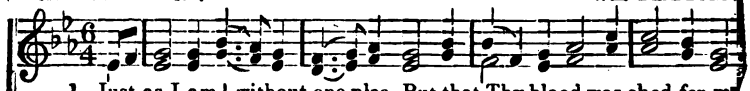
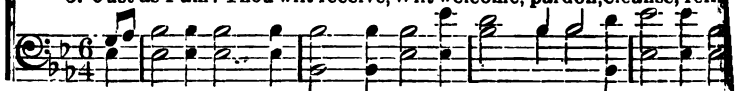
Just As I Am.

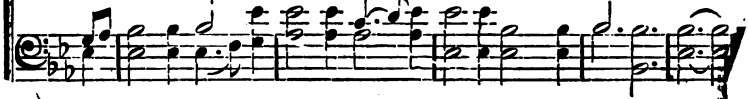
CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am! without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for m
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark bl
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed about, With many a conflict, many a do
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the m
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, reli

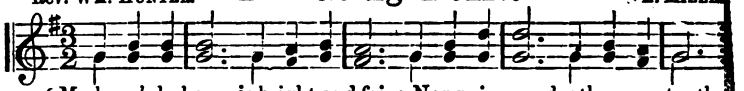


And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



I'm Going Home.

REV. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLE



1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter the
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be min

Cho. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high.
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflo
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the thron

Revive Us Again.

1 We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and *scattered our night.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lam that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God all grace,
Who has bought us and sought and guided our ways,

5 Revive us again, fill each he with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled fire from above.

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Victory Bells.

No. 1. Jesus Came to Save.

C. E. R. C. E. Rowley.

1. Vic - to - ry in Je - sus, Vic - t'ry in His name;
2. Saves from con - dem - na - tion, Saves from guilt and fear,
3. Trust Him for His mer - cy, Par - don full and free,

Christ, the world's Re - deem - er, All - a - ton - ing Lamb,
Saves from cru - el bond - age, Wipes the fall - ing tear;
Ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, Bliss - ful pu - ri - ty;

REFRAIN.

Came to earth from glo - ry, Triumphed o'er the grave:
Peace! to toss - ing bil - lows, Calms the troub - led wave:
For the world's re - demp - tion Christ His life He gave;

Rit.

Shout the joy - ful sto - ry, "Je - sus came to save!"
Shout the joy - ful sto - ry, "Je - sus came to save!"
Shout the joy - ful sto - ry, "Je - sus came to save!"

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Mus 493.10.1900.1

No. 2. Light in the Valley.

H. S. L. H. S. Lowing.

CHORUS.

(1-2.) There's a light..... in the val-ley For me, for me;
(3-4.) There's a light..... in the val-ley For you, for you;
There's a light in the val-ley, in the valley For me, for me;

Fine.

There's a light..... in the val-ley For me, for me.
There's a light..... in the val-ley For you, for you.
There's a light in the val-ley, in the valley For me, for me.

1. O Je - sus, come and res - cue Poor me, yes, me;
2. Great char - iot of sal - va - tion. Take me, yes. me;
3. O broth - er, come to Je - - sus, Come now, just now;
4. For Je - sus wants to save you Just now, yes, now;
O Jesus, come and rescue, come and rescue Poor me, yes, me;

D. C.

O Je - sus, come and res - cue Poor me, yes, me.
Great char - iot of sal - va - tion, Take me, yes, me.
O broth - er, come to Je - sus. Come now, just now.
For Je - sus wants to save you Just now, yes, now.
O Jesus, come and rescue, come and rescue Poor me, yes, me.

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No. 3. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di-vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my sight; An-gels descending, bring from a-bove, Ech oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest; Watching and waiting, looking a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good ness, lost in His love.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long.

No. 4. Look Away to Calvary's Mountain.

C. E. R. C. E. Rowley

Slow, and with feeling.

1. Sin - ner, come, oh, come to Je-sus, Oh, why longer stay a - way?
Come with all thy heav-y bur-dens, Lay them down at Je- sus' feet,

2. Sin has made thy pathway dreary, Je - sus knows it all full well:
List-en to His ten-der pleading, "Sin-ner, turn, why will you die?"

3. Look a-way to Calv'ry's mountain Where the Savior died for thee,
Peace that passeth understanding, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;

1

He is wait - ing to re-ceive you, Change thy darknes in - to day;
Heav - y - lad - en, and so wea-ry, More than human tongue can tell;
O-pened up the cleansing fountain, That from sin you may be free,—

2

He will fill thy soul with gladness, And give vic - to - ry complete.
Gracious par-don He would give thee, And a hap - py home on high.
Here, an ut - ter-most sal - va-tion, *There*, a nev - er - fad-ing crown.

CHORUS.

Bless - - ed Je- sus, lov - - ing Sav-ior. Bless, oh,
Bless me, oh, my Sav-ior, bless me, oh, my Sav - ior, Come, oh, come and

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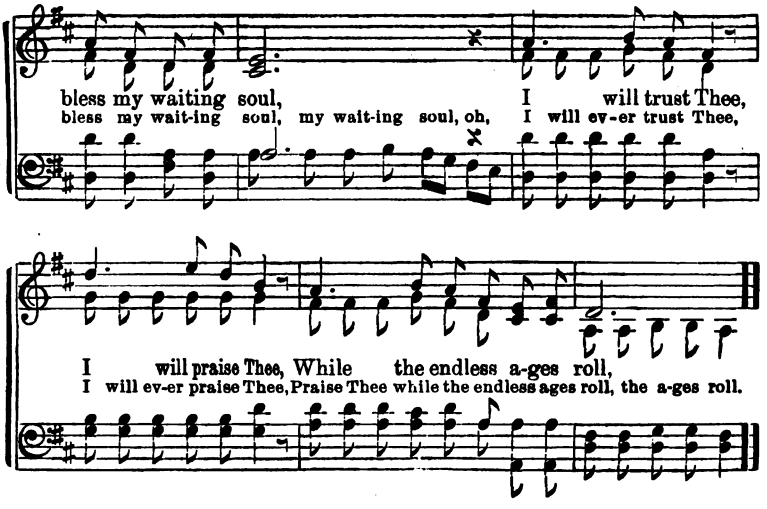
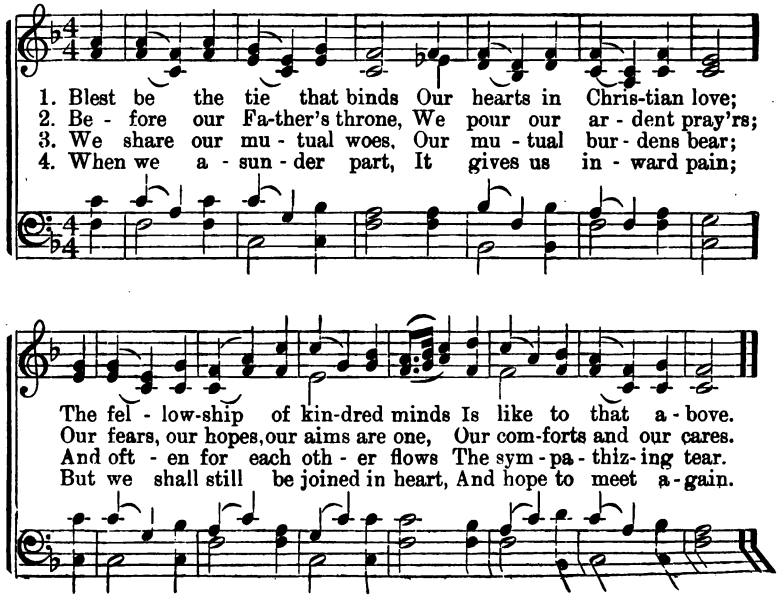
Look Away to Calvary's Mountain.—*Concluded.*



No. 5. The Tie That Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. HANS GEORGI NAEGELI.



No. 6. The Echoes Ringing.

Unknown. Mrs. C. E. Rowley.

Not too fast.

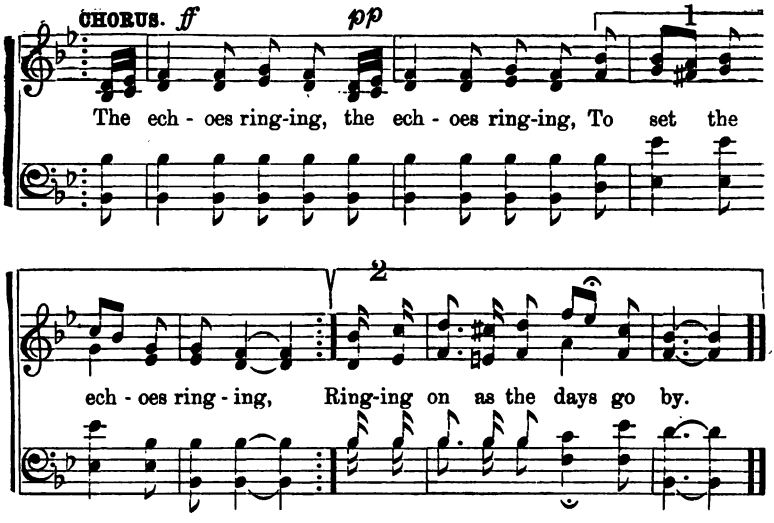
1. If an - y lit - tle word of ours Can make one life the brighter,
2. If an - y lit - tle love of ours Can make one life the sweeter,
3. If an - y watchful tho't of ours Can make some work the stronger,

If an - y lit - tle song of ours Can make one heart the light-er,
If an - y lit - tle care of ours Can make one step the fleet - er,
If an - y cheer-y smile of ours Can make the brightness long-er,

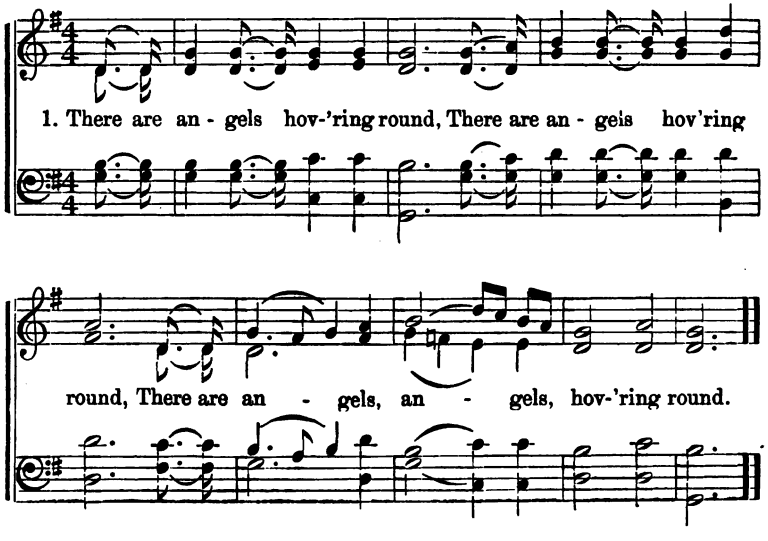
God help us speak that lit - tle word, And take our bit of sing-ing,
If an - y lit - tle help can ease The bur- den of an - oth-er,
Then let us speak that tho't to - day, With ten- der eyes a-glow-ing,

And drop it in some lone - ly vale, To set the ech - oes ring-ing.
God give us love and care and strength, To help a - long each oth-er.
So God may grant some wea-ry one Shall reap from our glad sow-ing.

The Echoes Ringing.—*Concluded.*



No. 7. There are Angels Hovering Round.



2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth come.
7 We're on our journey home.

No. 8. THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

(Companion to "Toiling up the Way.")

Words and Music By I. N. McHose.

Slow—with expression.

1. { We are on our journey home, journey home, journey home,
   'Tis de-light-ful all a-long, all a-long, all a-long;
2. { Tho' as pil-grims here be-low, here be-low, here be-low;
   But with Je-sus by our side, as our guide, as our guide,

Nev-er more in sin to roam, sin to roam, sin to roam.
As we cheer it with our song, with our song, with our song.
Meet-ing con-flicts as we go, as we go, as we go;
We will trust, what e'er be-tide, e'er be-tide, e'er be-tide.

CHORUS.

We are on the King's highway, shining way, shining way;

Rit. et Dim.

Lead-ing up to end-less day, end-less day, end-less day.

3 Jesus comforts all the way, all the way, all the way,
And our tears He wipes away, wipes away, wipes away;
We as children of the King, of the King, Heavenly King,
In our journey sweetly sing, sweetly sing, sweetly sing.

4 When at last our journey's o'er, journey's o'er, journey's o'er,
And arrive on yonder shore, yonder shore, yonder shore;
We will sing forever more, ever more, ever more,
With the blood-washed gone before, gone before, gone before.

Copyrighted, 1886, by I. N. McHose.

No. 9. Oh, Victory!

C. E. R.

C. E. Rowley.

Moderato.

1. I was lost, now I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb That was
2. At the cross there is rest for the sin-bur-dened soul; Hear His
3. Brother, you, too, may come for the full-ness of love; Per-fect

shed on the cross for me; Tak-en out of the pit and the
kind in-vi-ta-tion, "Come!" All thy bur-dens on Him He in-
peace shall to you be giv'n; Ev-'ry doubt, ev-'ry fear Christ will

CHORUS. *Vigorously.*

deep, mir-y clay. Praise the Lord for vic-to-ry!
vites thee to roll, And no more in sin to roam.
sure-ly re-move, And will guide thee home to heav'n.
} Oh, vic-to-ry,

glad vic-to-ry Is com-ing down from heav'n to my soul!

Faith is the vic-to-ry that overcomes, And makes the wounded spirit whole.

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No. 10. He Fully Saves Me Now.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7: 25.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. Pickett.

1. I came to Je - sus with my sin, He ful-ly saves me now;
2. Once guilt-y fears oppressed my soul, He ful-ly saves me now;
3. Sin's i - ron chains once held me fast, He ful-ly saves me now;
4. Once all was dark, but now there's light, He ful-ly saves me now;

He washed a-way its ev - 'ry stain, He ful - ly saves me now.
His cleans-ing blood has made me whole, He ful - ly saves me now.
But I'm redeemed, I'm free at last, He ful - ly saves me now.
He found me blind, He gave me sight, He ful - ly saves me now.

Chorus.

He ful-ly saves me now, He free-ly saves me now;
He saves me now, He saves me now;

He washed a-way sin's ev - 'ry stain, He ful - ly saves me now.

5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heaven.

6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,
My barque on many a wave was tossed.

7 I sought again my Savior's side,
In the upper room was sanctified.

8 His gracious Spirit dwells within,
His fire consumed indwelling sin.

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No. 11. No, Not One!

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with great feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ever saint find this friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis- eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

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No. 12. "Receive Ye the Holy Ghost."

Jno. 20: 22.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you would be ef - fi - cient in the serv-ice of the Lord,
2. If you would be a con-quer - or while battling here be-low,
3. If you would walk in sunshine tho' the dark clouds hover near,
4. Oh, glo - ri - ous sal - va - tion of -fered full and free to man!

If you with more than mortal pow'r would wield the Spirit's sword,
If you with o - ver-com-ing faith would meet the wi - ly foe,
If you would know a fel - low-ship than earthly ties more dear,
No heart can grasp its depths of love, no mind its wideness span;

Ac - cept the blest pro - vi - sion God has of-fered in His word,
If you would stand unmoved when ad-verse winds and tempests blow,
If you would find the "per-fect love which cast-eth out all fear,"
Ac - cept it now as part of God's great "who-so - ev - er" plan,

CHORUS.

"Re-ceive ye the Ho - ly Ghost." Receive the Ho - ly
Receive the bless - ed

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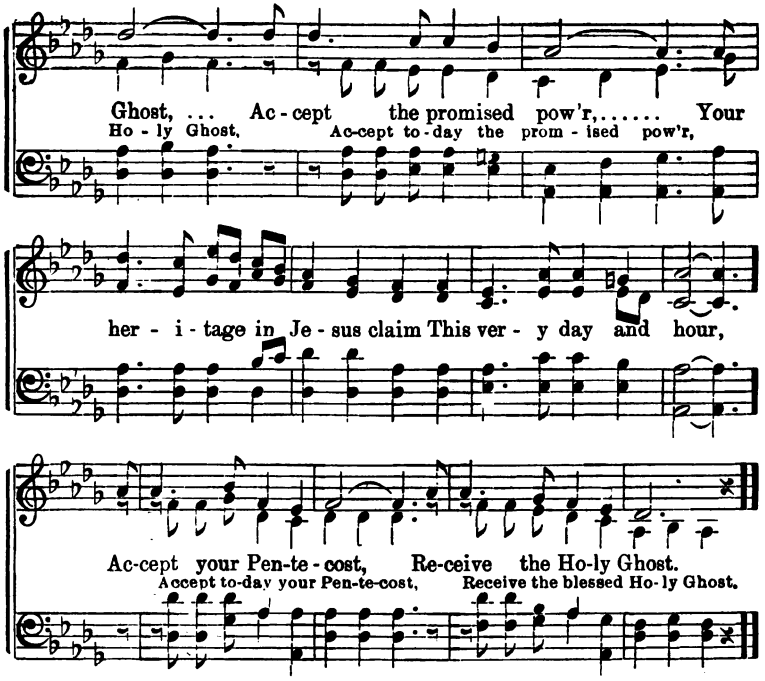
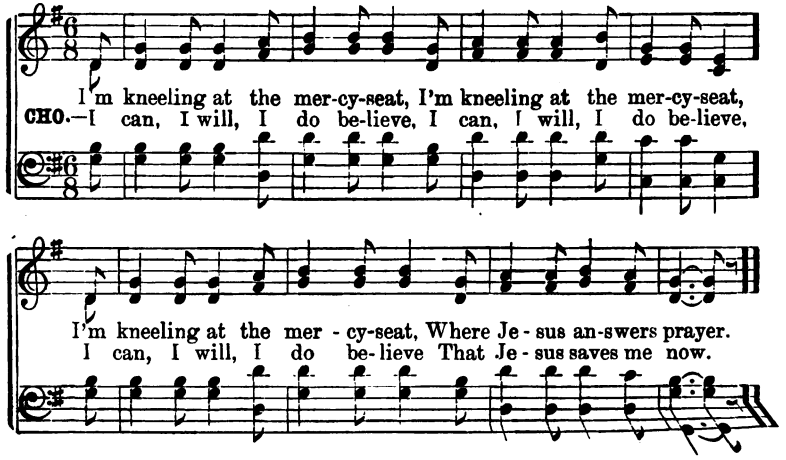
"Receive Ye the Holy Ghost."—*Concluded.*



No. 13. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

(*Use any Common Meter Hymn with this Chorus.*)



No. 14. Trust Him for His Mercy.

C. E. R. C. E. Rowley.

1. O sin - ner, come to Je - sus, O come to Him to - day;
2. His per - fect peace a - bid - eth, And love with-out al - loy;
3. Then trust Him for His mer - cy,— Sal - va - tion full and free—

D. C.—So trust Him for His mer - cy, Rest sweet - ly in His love;

Fine.

In mer - cy He'll re - ceive you, And wash your sins a - way.
He giv - eth con - stant vic - t'ry, And ev - er - last - ing joy.
In bless - ing He will bless thee To all e - ter - ni - ty.

Un - err - ing He will guide thee From earth to heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

Where sin a-bound ed, grace much more You sure-ly shall re - ceive:

D. C. al Fine.

His wondrous love He will outpour, If thou canst on-ly be - lieve:

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No. 15. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Mrs. J. F. Knapp. By per.

1. Oh! now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre - a-tion rise, I hear the speaking blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin,
4. A-maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low To feel the blood ap-plied,

Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wound-ed side.
It speaks! pol-lut - ed nature dies! Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je-sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

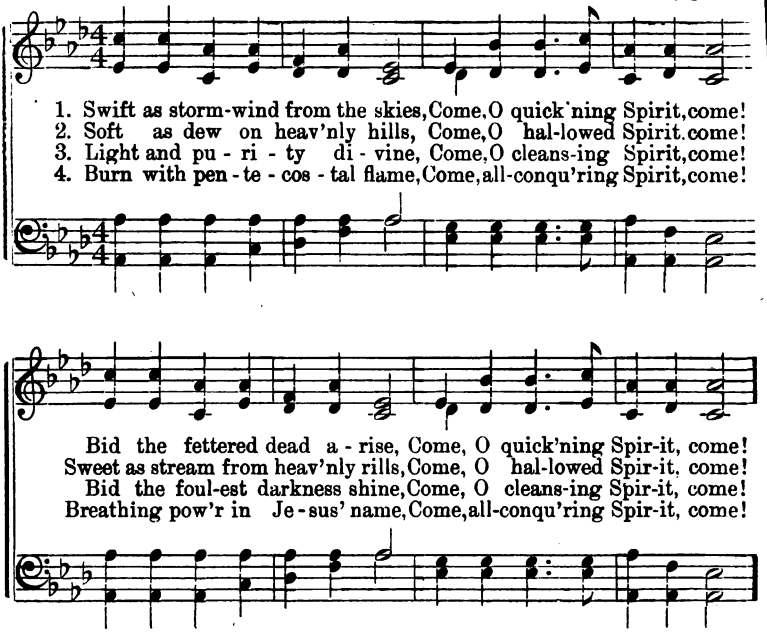
CHORUS.

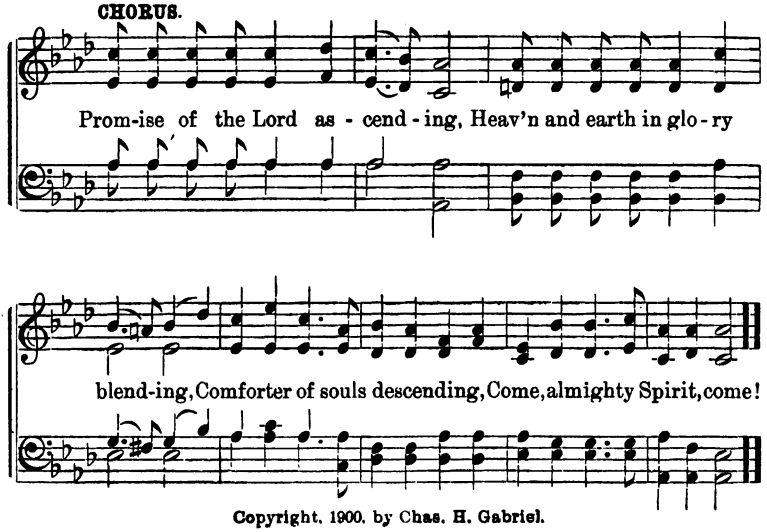
The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!

O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

No. 16. Come, Almighty Spirit!

MRS. FLORA B. HARRIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.





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No. 17. WE'LL BE THERE.

H. Bonar, Arranged. J. H. Tenney, by per.

1. Where the earth-fad-ed flow-er shall fresh - en, Fresh-en
2. Where the morn-ing shall wak-en in glad - ness, And the
3. Where the dear child has found its lost moth - er, And the
4. Where the love-bond is nev - er-more sev - ered, Where no

nev - er, no, nev - er to fade, Where the shad-ed sky
noon the pure joy shall pro - long; Where the day-light dis-
moth - er has found her lost child; Where the fam - i - lies
part - ing is ev - er-more known, We shall meet with the

once more shall bright-en, Brighten ne'er to be darkened by shade.
solves in rich fra-grance Mid the burst of en-rap-tur-ing song.
once more are gath-ered, That were scattered on this earth-ly wild.
ho - ly and ran - somed By the beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful throne.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there, Crowns un-fad-ing, and white robes to wear;

We'll be there, we'll be there, In the beau-ty and glo-ry to share.

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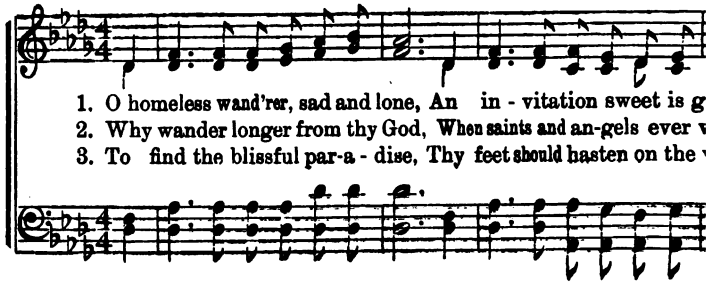
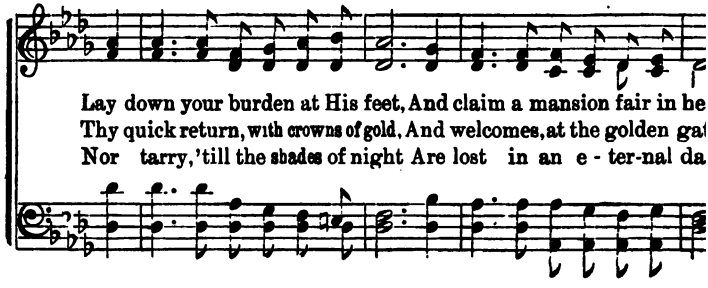
No. 18. Come Back, Wanderer.

They have wandered as blind men.—Sam. 4: 14.

GEO. P. HOTT. E. T. HILDEBRA

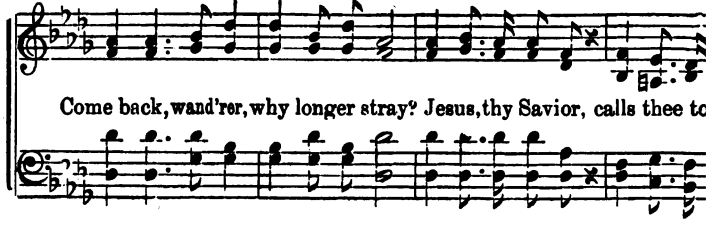


1. O homeless wand'rer, sad and lone, An in - vitation sweet is g
2. Why wander longer from thy God, When saints and an-gels ever
3. To find the blissful par-a - dise, Thy feet should hasten on the

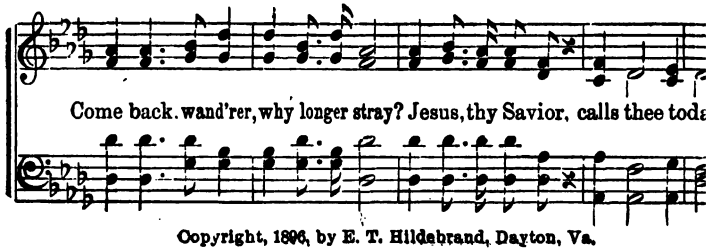


Lay down your burden at His feet, And claim a mansion fair in he
Thy quick return, with crowns of gold, And welcomes, at the golden ga
Nor tarry, 'till the shades of night Are lost in an e - ter-nal da

CHORUS.



Come back, wand'rer, why longer stray? Jesus, thy Savior, calls thee to



Come back. wand'rer, why longer stray? Jesus, thy Savior, calls thee tod

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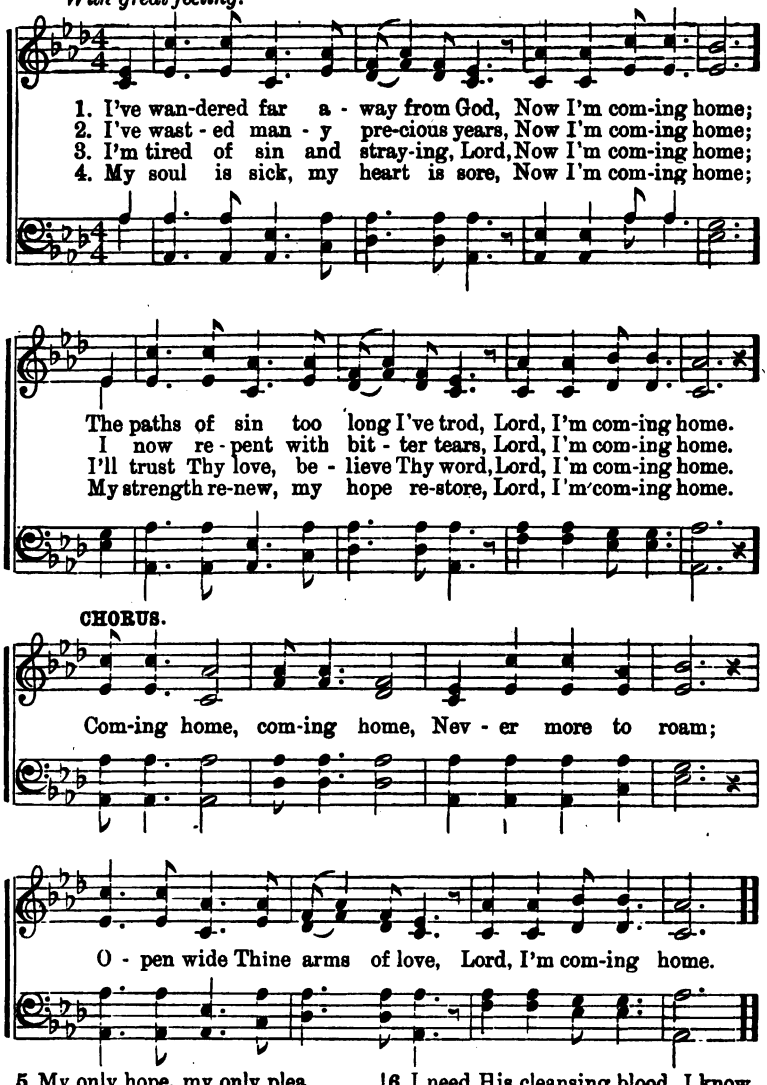
No. 19. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

With great feeling.



5 My only hope, my only plea.
Now I'm coming home.
That Jesus died. and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 20. Jesus is Passing By.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. W. "Jesus passed by."—John 9: 1. Rev. J. H. Weber.

1. "Je - sus is pass-ing," the blind man was told, Who by the way-side was beg-ging of old, Wish-ing that Je - sus His sight would un-fold, "Je-sus is pass-ing by."
2. "Je - sus, my Sav - ior, have mer-cy on me! O - pen my eyes, and from sin set me free; Help - less and need - y, I come un - to Thee, Je-sus is pass-ing by."
3. "Je - sus is pass-ing," if, feel-ing your need, Ear - nest en- treat-ies He sure - ly will heed; If you but ask Him, your soul shall be freed, Je-sus is pass-ing by.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is passing, He's pass-ing this way, Je - sus is pass-ing by; Thou Son of Da - vid, have mer - cy on me; Je - sus is pass - ing by.

By per. Rev. J. H. Weber.

No. 21. Oh, There Will be Mourning!

Arr. by Mrs. C. E. Rowley.

CHORUS. *Slow, and with great feeling.*

Oh! there will be mourn-ing! Mourning! mourning! mourning!

Oh! there will be mourn-ing At the judgment seat of Christ!

1. Wives and husbands there will part, Wives and husbands there will part,
2. Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part,
3. Brothers and sis-ters there will part, Brothers and sis-ters there will part,
4. Friends and neighbors there will part, Friends and neighbors there will part,
5. Pastors and peo-ple there will part, Pas-tors and peo-ple there will part,

Wives and husbands there will part, Will part to meet no more.
Parents and children there will part, Will part to meet no more.
Brothers and sis-ters there will part, Will part to meet no more.
Friends and neighbors there will part, Will part to meet no more.
Pastors and peo-ple there will part, Will part to meet no more.

Copyright, 1890, by Mrs. C. E. Rowley.

No. 22. Safe To-night.

Rev. T. C. Reade. Mrs. C. E. Rowley.

1. Ha-sten, Shepherd, to the mountain, Haste to gath-er in Thy flock;
See the lightning's fier-y arrows! Hear the dread-[*Omit.* . . .]

2. See! the storm is drawing near-er; Rage the winds, the torrents moan;
Is not one still left to per-ish, Un-pro-tect-[*Omit.* . . .]

3. Now the Shepherd climbs the mountain, While the echoing thun-ders roar;
While the storm beats thick and blind-ing, And the mad-[*Omit.* . . .]

ful thun-der shock! Then out spoke the faith-ful Shep-herd:
ed, and a-lone? And the Shep-herd sad-ly an-swered,
dened tor-rents pour. Hark! what means that voice that whis-pers,

Rit. *A tempo.*

"Long a-go my flock I sought, And with-in the
"Count-ing care-ful-ly, I find Nine-ty-nine are
"Sin-ner, haste to seek the light! Haste and let the

fold's pro-tec-tion All of mine I safe-ly brought."
safe-ly fold-ed— One, a-las! is left be-hind."
heav'nly Shep-herd Find His wand-'ring sheep to-night."

Copyright, 1900, by Mrs. C. E. Rowley.

Safe To-night.—*Continued.*

CHORUS.

Safe to-night, safe to-night, Sweet-ly walk-ing in the light;

Sin-ner, will you come to Je-sus, And be fold-ed safe to-night?

No. 23. I Will Arise.

J. Hart. American Spiritual.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo-ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you linger. Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;

CHO.—*I will a-rise and go to Jes-us, He will embrace me in His arms;*

D. C. for Chorus.

Je-sus read-y stands to save you. Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r.
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

No. 24. Battle Hymn.

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.

1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }

2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? }

CHORUS.

And when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,

we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's

Fine.

o - ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

D. S.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown;

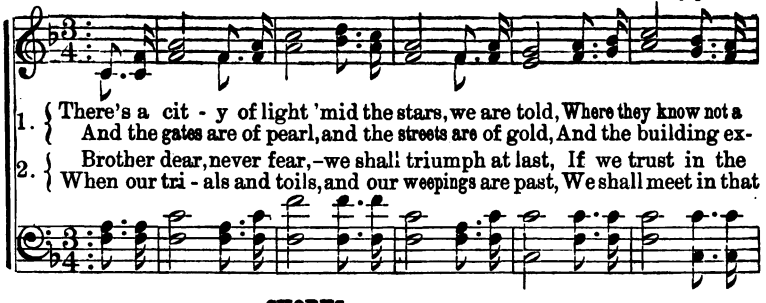
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

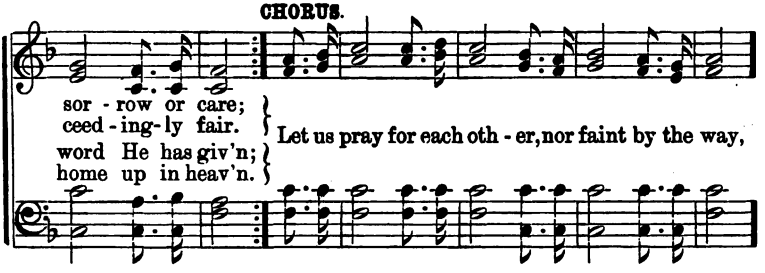
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

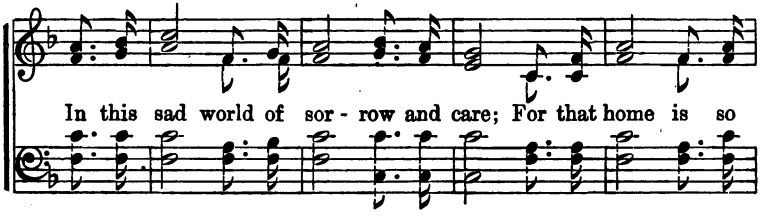
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

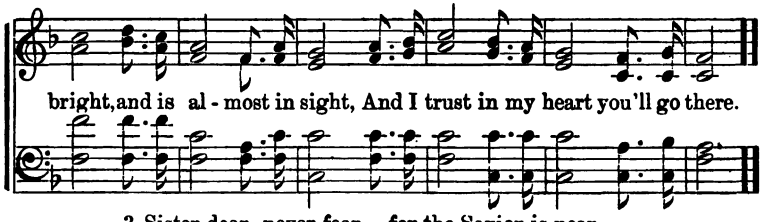
No. 25. The City of Light.

A. S. K. A. S. Kieffer. By pef.









3 Sister dear, never fear,—for the Savior is near,
With His hand He will lead you along;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
And your mourning shall turn to a song.

4 Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine;
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrimage here;
Let us count all things else but as loss.

No. 26. Life's Railway to Heaven.

(Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men)

M. E. ABBEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO or DUET. *Tempo ad lib.*

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en-gin-eer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft-en find obstructions, Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a-cross the tres- tle Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,

We must make the run successful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle, They will almost ditch your train;
You be - hold the Un-ion De-pot In to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev-er quail;
Al-ways mind-ful of ob-struction, Do your du - ty, nev-er fail;
Put your trust a-lone in Je - sus, Nev - er fal - ter, nev-er fail;
There you'll meet the Superintendent. God the Fa-ther, God the Son,

Rit.

Keep your hand up-on the throttle, And your eye up-on the rail
Keep your hand up-on the throttle, And your eye up-on the rail.
Keep your hand up-on the throttle, And your eye up-on the rail.
With the heart - y, joy-ous plaudit, "Wea-ry pilgrim, welcome home."

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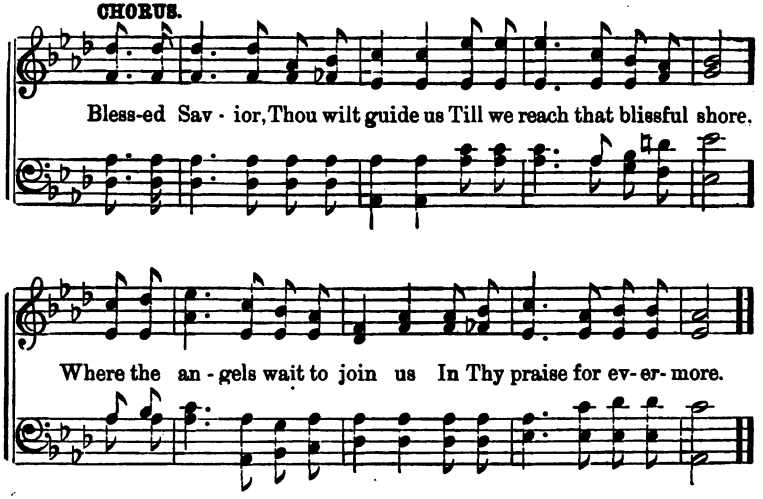
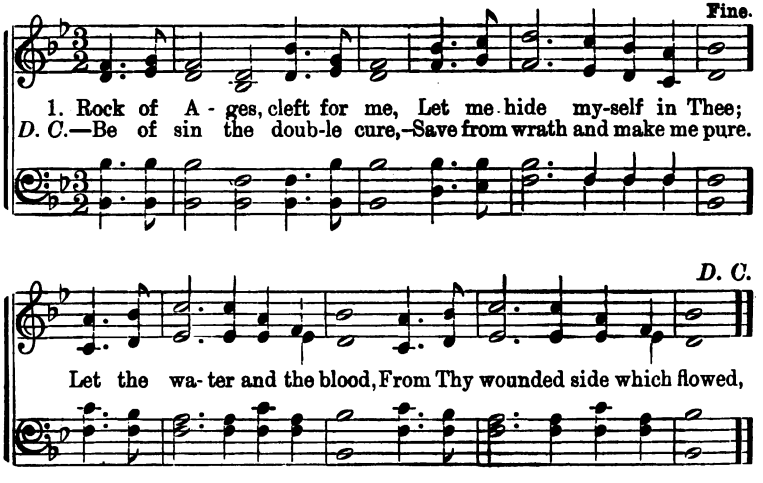
Life's Railway to Heaven.—*Concluded.*



No. 27. Rock of Ages.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.



2 Could my tears forever flow,—
Could my zeal no languor know,—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 28. THE SAVIOUR BIDS THEE COME.

C. E. Rowley. Mrs. C. E. Rowley.

Moderate.

1. There's not a ray of sun-shine, Or peace without al - loy, Ex - cept 'tis found in Je - sus, The source of pur - est joy. The heart grows sad and wea - ry, Earth's pleasures fade a - way; The love of Christ a - bid-eth,
2. Strait is the gate, and nar-row The way that leads to life; But oh! what great sal - va-tion, That ends the sin - ful strife. What joy and peace un- bounded Pos - sess the new-born soul; What rest, what bliss-ful free-dom,
3. The race by sin is blind-ed, And have not ears to hear; Re - ject-ing love and mer-cy, With scarce a thought or fear. And yet the Spir - it call-eth, And points the heav'n-ly road, That leads to joys im-mor-tal,

CHORUS.

Through heav'ns e-ter-nal day. Then come, O come, The Sav-iour bids you come; He'll grant you full sal - va-tion, And lead you safely home.
When made en - tire-ly whole! come to-day;
Close by the throne of God. Then come to-day, O come to-day,

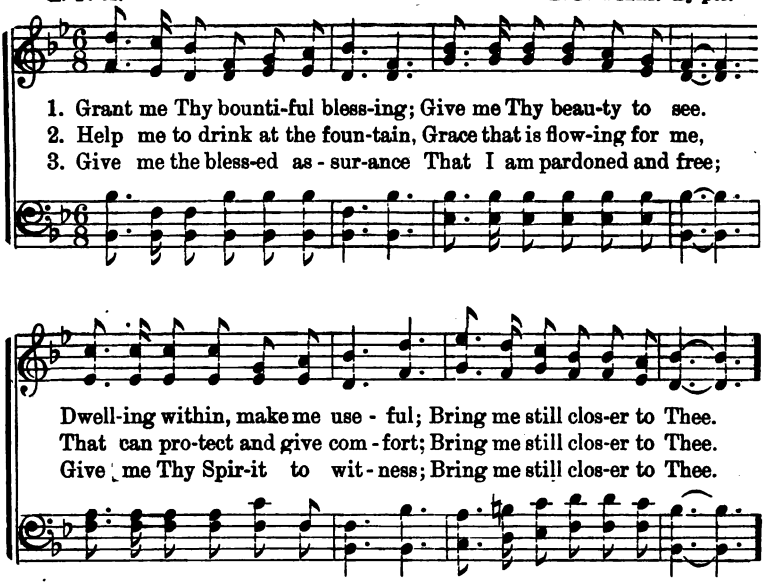
rit.

Copyrighted, 1886, by C. E. Rowley.

No. 29. Closer to Thee.

"But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord."—2 Pet. 3: 18.

A. F. M. A. F. Myers. By per.



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No. 30. GOD CARETH FOR ME.

Words by Rev. T. C. Reade. Music by C. E. Rowley.

Moderato.

1. O join with the wor - - shipping an-gels to sing
2. All na-ture pro-claims Him; the out-er-most Star
3. The Sea shouts a-loud to the cloud-cleaving hills,
4. His breath is the wind, and His robe is the light,

1. O join with the wor-ship-ping an-gels to sing,

Of God, our Cre-a - - tor, Pre-serv-er and King;
That hur-ries a-way on its mis-sion a-far,
The Vales swell the song with the mu-sic of rills,
His voice is the thun - - der, His shadow is night:

Of God, our Cre-a-tor, Pre-serv-er and King;

Tran-scend-ent in glo - ry, in sta-tion most high,
Chants a-broad, as it flies o'er the won-der-ing Earth,
The earth is His foot - stool, and heav-en His throne;
He rides on the tem - pest, He walks on the sea,

Transcendent in glo-ry, in sta-tion most high,

He daz-zles with splen - - dor the sun in the sky.
The prais-es of God in the song of its birth.
God reign eth for-ev - - er, He reigneth a-lone.
Yet feed-eth the spar - - rows, and car-eth for me.

He daz-zles with splen-dor the sun in the sky.

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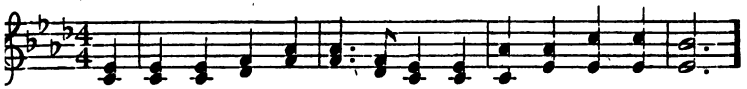
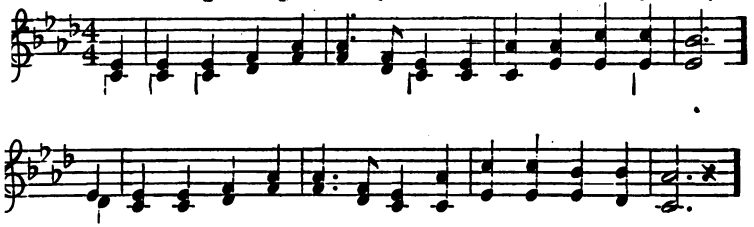
No. 31. The Cleansing Power.

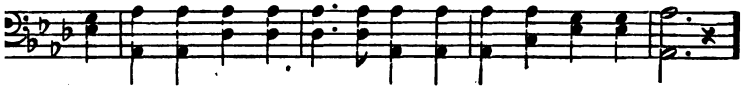
Words and Music by C. E. Rowley,
with two added verses from familiar hymns.



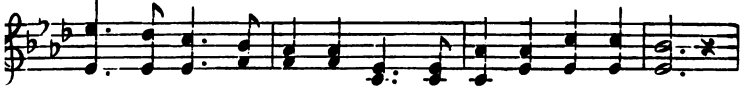
1. We're trav'ling on thro' Beulah Land, Its rich - es to ex - plore;
2. Come, sin - ner, to the mer - cy-seat, No more in dark-ness roam;
3. "But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;
4. "Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lu - mi-nate my soul;



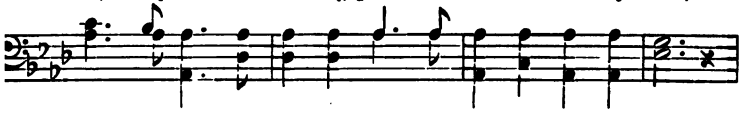
Come, join our hap - py pil-grim band. Re-joic-ing ev - er - more.
O cast thy load at Je - sus' feet, Come home, just now, come home!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do."
Scat - ter Thy life thro' ev-'ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole."

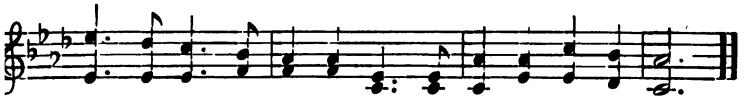


CHORUS.

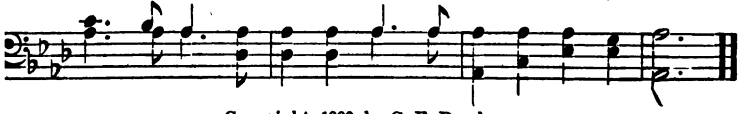


Oh, the pow'r, the cleansing pow'r! I feel it in my soul;





Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry hour, He makes me full - y whole.



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No. 32. Cleansing Balm.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Oh, come to the cross where Je - sus bled and died; Oh, come to the cross where He was cru - ci - fied; Oh, come to the cross, "'tis finished," there He cried, For the blood of Je-sus cleanseth us from all sin.
2. He's a - ble to save from all the guilt of sin; He's a - ble to save from all that's born within; He's a - ble to save by sim - ple faith in Him, For the blood of Je-sus cleanseth us from all sin.
3. He's will-ing to save, to seek and save the lost; He's will-ing to save the Christian, tempest-tossed; He's will - ing to save, so free - ly without cost, For the blood of Je-sus cleanseth us from all sin.
4. He does save me now from ev - 'ry act of sin; He does save me now from ev - 'ry spot with-in; He does save me now, He makes and keeps me clean, For the blood of Je-sus cleanseth *me* from all sin.

REFRAIN.

There is balm in Gil-ead, balm in Gil-ead, There is balm in Gil-ead for the soul that needeth cleansing; Sing
There is precious balm in Gil-ead, there is healing balm in Gil-ead, There is per- fect balm in Gil - ead for the soul that need-eth cleansing; Sing

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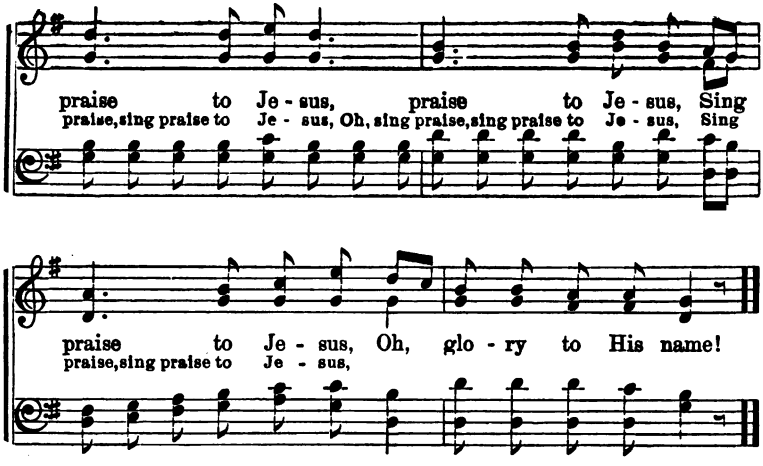
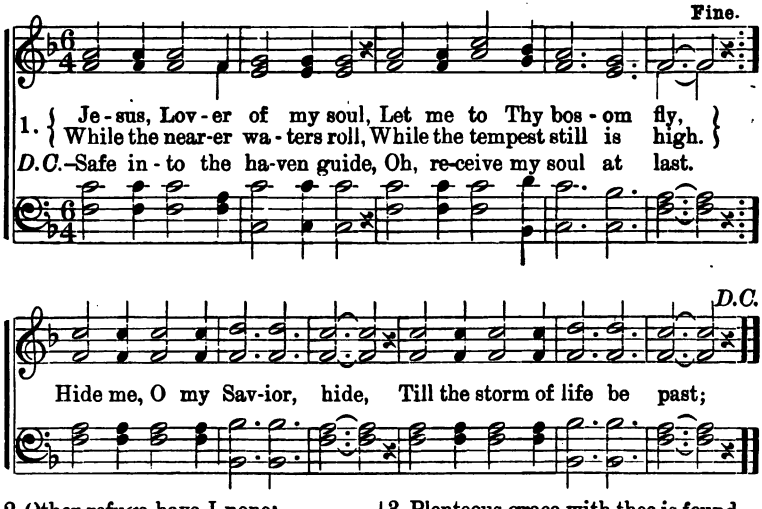
Cleansing Balm.—*Concluded.*



No. 33. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune: MARTYN. 7s.



2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

No. 34. IN SWEET BY-AND-BY.

(Specially adapted as a children's song.)

Words and Music By L. N. McHose, by p

DUETT. *Animato.* CHO.

1. We will lay our bur-dens down, By-and-by, by-and-by;
2. Pain and suff'ring will be o'er, By-and by, by-and-by;
3. Sin's dark night will pass a-way, By-and-by, by-and-by;
4. Tho' we part, we'll meet a-gain, By-and-by, by-and-by;
5. We will meet the loved ones gone By-and-by, by-and-by;

DUETT. CHO.

Leave the cross and wear the crown, In sweet by-and-by.
When we reach yon bliss-ful shore, In sweet by-and-by.
Then we'll live in end-less day, In sweet by-and-by.
Meet as priests and kings, to reign In sweet by-and-by.
When we reach our heav'n-ly home, In sweet by-and-by.

CHORUS.

O, we will hap-py be, By-and-by, by-and-by;

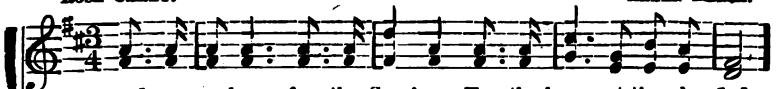
Prais-ing e-ter-nal-ly, In sweet by-and-by.

Copyrighted, 1886, by L. N. McHose.

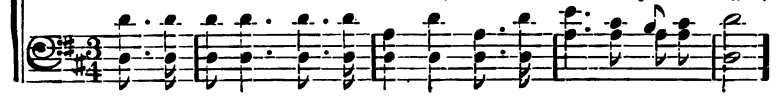
No. 35. · SPEED, YE WORKERS!

"He saith unto him, 'Feed my lambs.'" "Jesus saith unto him, 'Feed my sheep.'"—John 21: 15, 16.

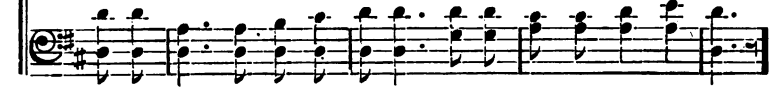
ROSA CAREY. ELLEN BLACK.



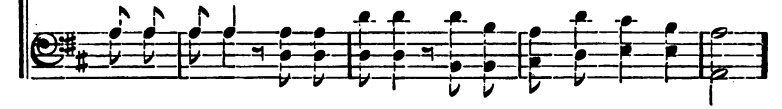
1. Speed, ye workers, for the Sav-iour, Ere the harv-est time be fled:
2. On our mountains, crowned with glory, In our valleys, rich and wide,
3. Lambs neg-lect-ed in the cit - y, Lambs un-tend-ed on the wild;
4. Hum - ble foll'wers of the Mas-ter, Her-alds of the Day-Star's light,



In our land of Gos-pel fa-vor Souls are starving, give them bread;
Mill-ions wait to hear the sto-ry Of the low - ly One who died;
Lit-tle souls by err - or shrouded, Lit-tle hearts by sin be - guiled;
Low-ly toil - er, teach-er, pas-tor, Let us join in heart and might,—



They are thirs-ty, they are thirs-ty, Lead them to the Fountain-Head.
Wretched millions, wretched millions, Wand'ring from the heav'nly Guide.
Tell them Je-sus, tell them Je-sus Welcomes each re - turn-ing child.
Pray, and la-bor, pray, and la-bor To re-deem our land from night.



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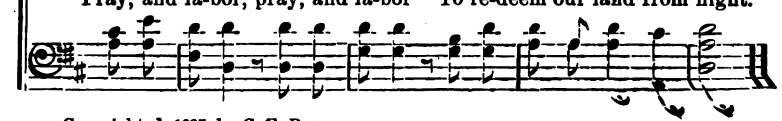

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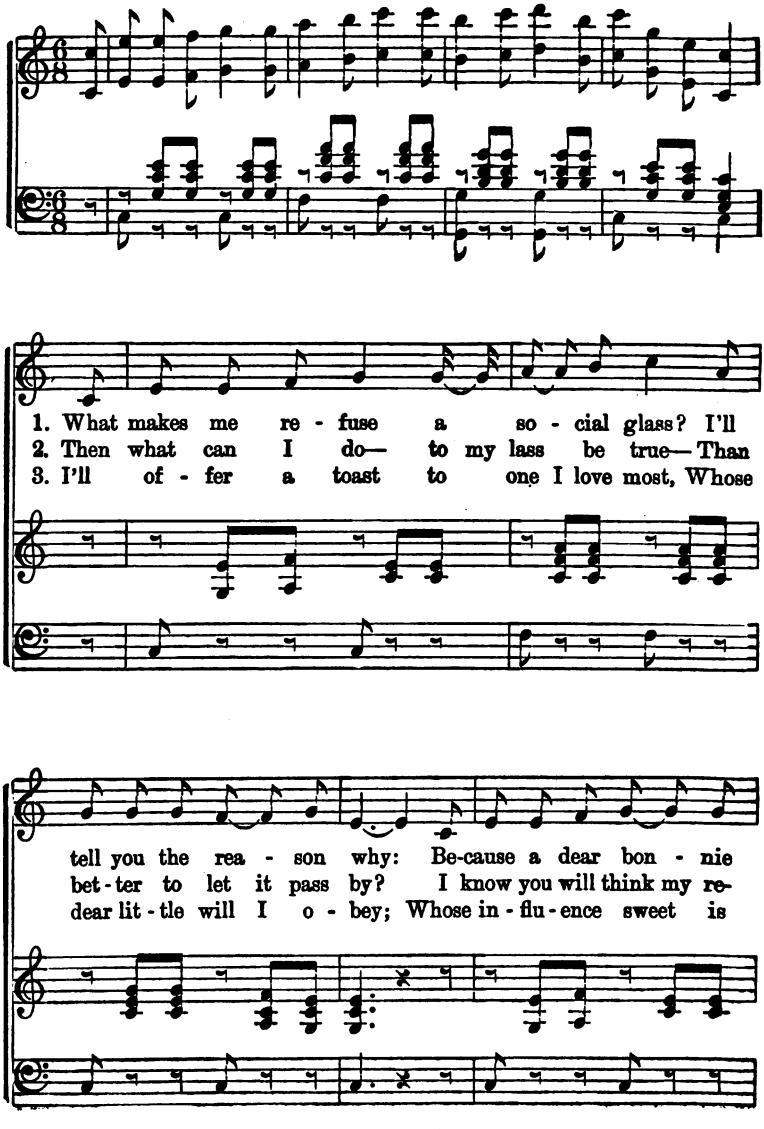
No. 36. Papa, be True to Me.

Hon. Henry J. Coggeshall.
Arranged by I. N. McHose.

I. N. McHose.



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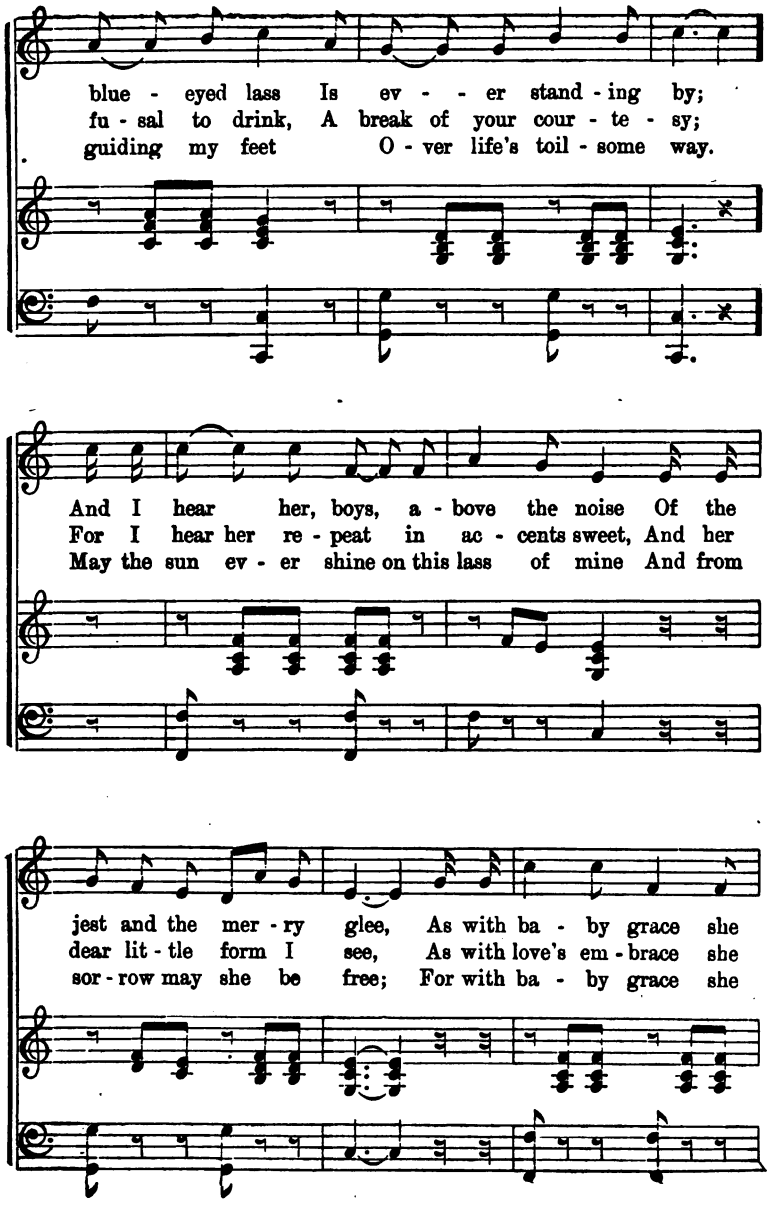
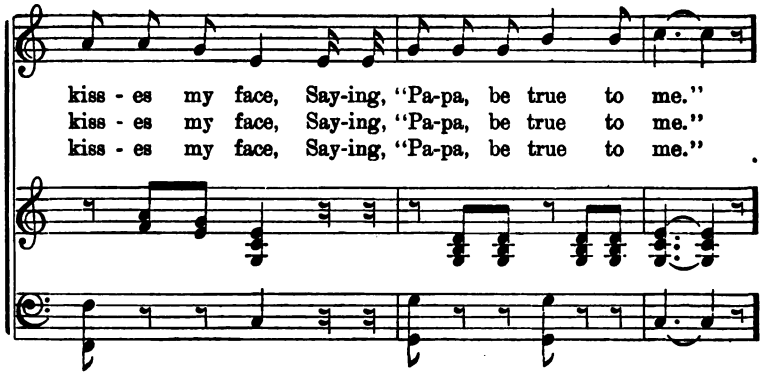
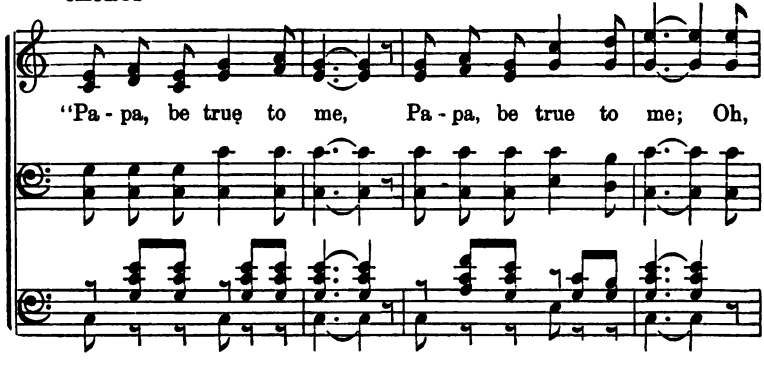
Papa, be True to Me.—*Continued.*

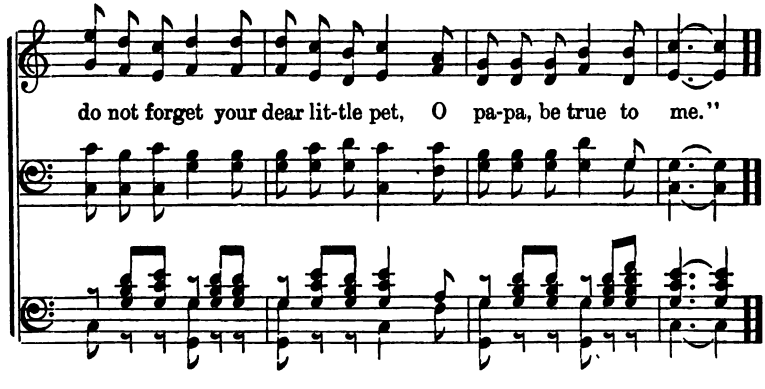


Papa, be True to Me.—*Concluded.*



CHORUS.





No. 37. Wand'rer, Come Home.

I. N. McH. I. N. McHose.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. Come home, O wand'rer, come home, Thy Fa - ther calls for thee;
2. Come home, O wand'rer, come home, Christ hears thee heave that sigh;
3. Come home, O wand'rer, come home, Come home and be at rest;

Why still in sin and fol - ly roam? Come home, and happy be.
He pit - ies thee, He hears thy moan; Come, He is ver - y nigh.
Thy Father's lov - ing heart doth yearn To draw thee to His breast.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home; Why will you lon-ger roam?
Come home, come home;

Come home, come home, O wand'rer, now come home.
Come home, come home,

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No. 38. On the Narrow Way.

Rev. L. L. Pickett. Music and Chorus by C. E. Rowley.

Moderato.

1. We're on our way to heav'n, That bless-ed land a-bove,
2. No sor-row ev-er comes, To that de-light-ful land;
3. From ev-'ry tribe and tongue The ran-somed host shall come;
4. Then let us faith-ful be, And press the up-ward way,

Where Je-sus sits up-on His throne, And ev-er reigns in love,
The saved u-nite to serve the Lord, A ho-ly, hap-py band.
They all delight to praise Him there, In that ce-les-tial home,
Un-til we reach the gold-en streets, And nev-er-end-ing day,

And ev-er reigns in love, And ev-er reigns in love,
A ho-ly, hap-py band, A ho-ly, hap-py band,
In that ce-les-tial home, In that ce-les-tial home,
And nev-er-end-ing day, And nev-er-end-ing day,

Where Je-sus sits up-on His throne, And ev-er reigns in love.
The saved u-nite to serve the Lord. A ho-ly hap-py band.
They all de-light to praise Him there, In that ce les-tial home.
Un-til we reach the gold-en streets, And nev-er-end-ing day.

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On the Narrow Way.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.

On ..... the nar - row way, On..... the nar - row way,
On the way, the nar - row way, On the way, the nar - row way,

1 2

Pilgrims, as our fathers were, We're on the narrow way,
Leading up to endless day, We're [*Omit.* . . .] on the narrow way.

No. 39. Hymn of Trust.

Unknown. ELLEN BLACK.

1. O Love Di-vine! that stooped to share Our sharp - est pang, our bit-t'rest tear;
2. Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sor - rows crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trem - bling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe, O Love Di-vine! for - ev - er dear;

On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near!
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near!
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall soft - ly tell us, Thou art near!
Con - tent to suf - fer, while we know, Liv - ing and dy - ing, Thou art near!

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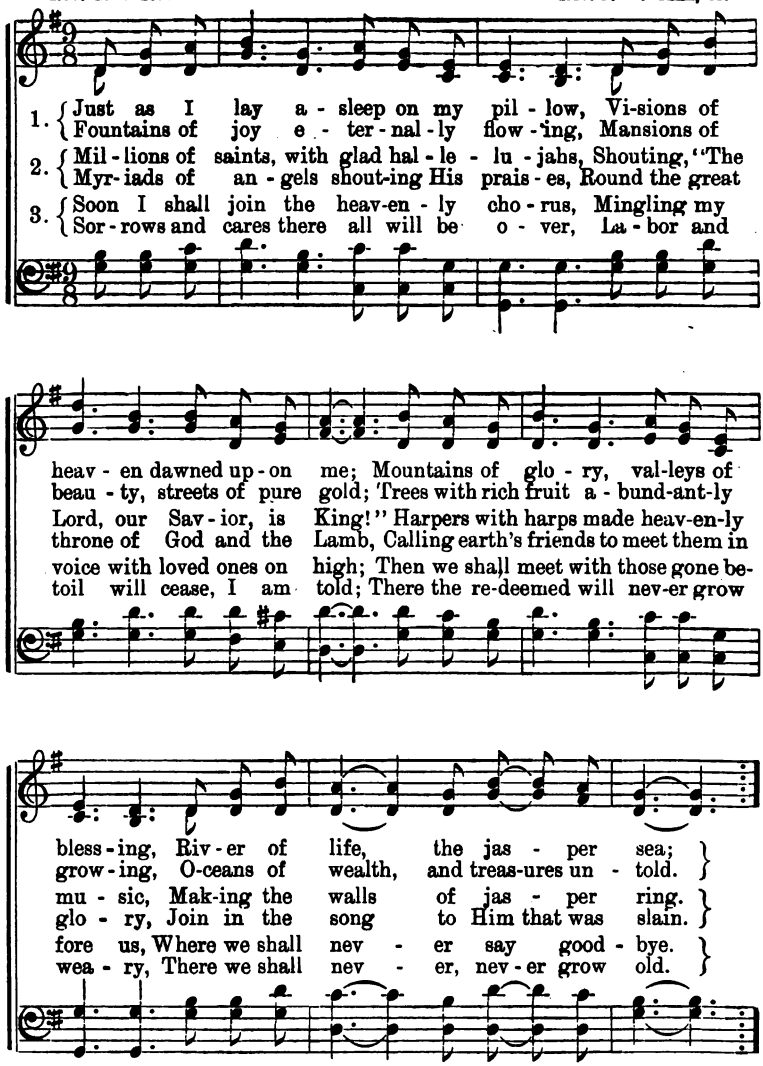
No. 40. The Heavenly Chorus.

Rev. G. L. Miller. Rev. J. W. Hill, Sr.



Note.—While alone in my bed during the visions of the night, I was entranced with the most ravishing and unearthly music that ever fell on mortal ears. A great mountain was thronged with an innumerable company of the heavenly host, and they were all singing the tune of the foregoing song. Waking from my vision I captured the tune, with the Chorus, never having heard it before.—J. W. H.

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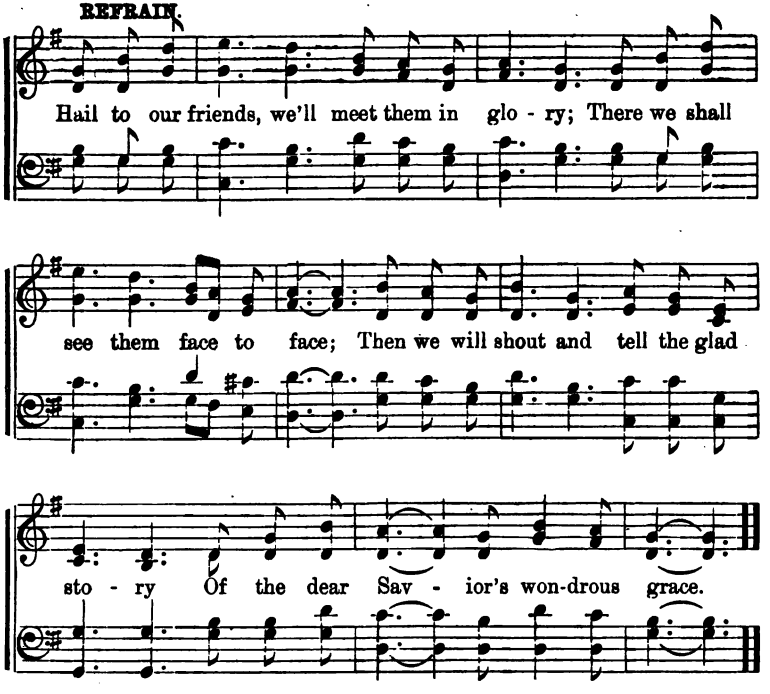
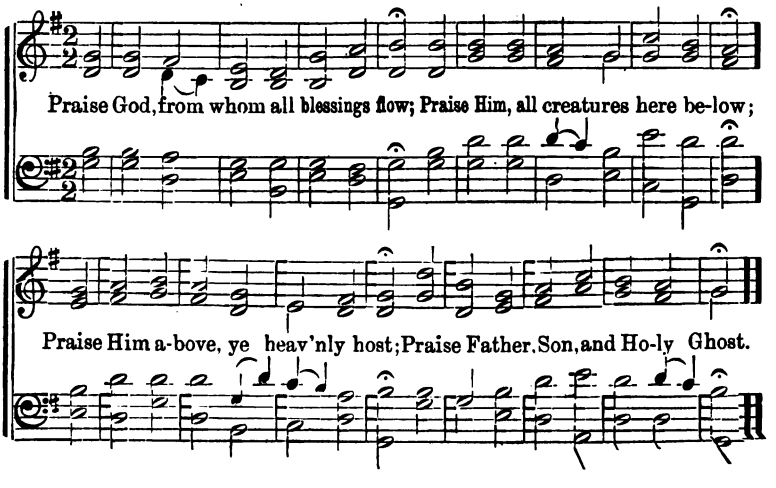
The Heavenly Chorus.—*Concluded.*



No. 41. Old Hundred.



No. 42. GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, be-neath that flood, be-
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho'

filled with blood, There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn
neath that flood, And sin-ners plunged be neath that flood, Lose
joiced to see, The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That
vile as he, And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash

CHORUS.

from Im-man-uel's veins,
all their guil-ty stains.
foun-tain in his day,
all my sins a-way.

Oh, glo-ri-ous fountain! Here will I

stay, And in Thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, |: thy precious blood, :|
Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed |: Church of God, :|
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith |: I saw the stream, :|
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love |: has been my theme, :|
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Copyrighted, 1881, by T. C. O'KANE.

No. 43. Watch and Pray.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

E. B. W. ELLEN (BLACK) WHEELER.

1. There are pit-falls of sin all a-bout our path, On the left,
2. There are wrecks who have fallen be-side the way, On the left,
3. We've a might-y foe who is on our track, On the left,
4. If our life is all hid-den with Christ in God, On the left,

On the left,

on the right; We must watch and pray, and be on our guard
on the right; They have put their Lord to an o-pen shame,
on the right; But we need not fear if we fol-low on,
on the right; He will bear us safe thro' this world of sin,

on the right;

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry mo-ment, day and night. Watch and pray watch and
Wounding Je-sus day and night.
Trust-ing Je-sus day and night.
Up to heav-en where's no night.

Watch and pray,

pray, Watch and pray, That ye en-ter not in. not in.

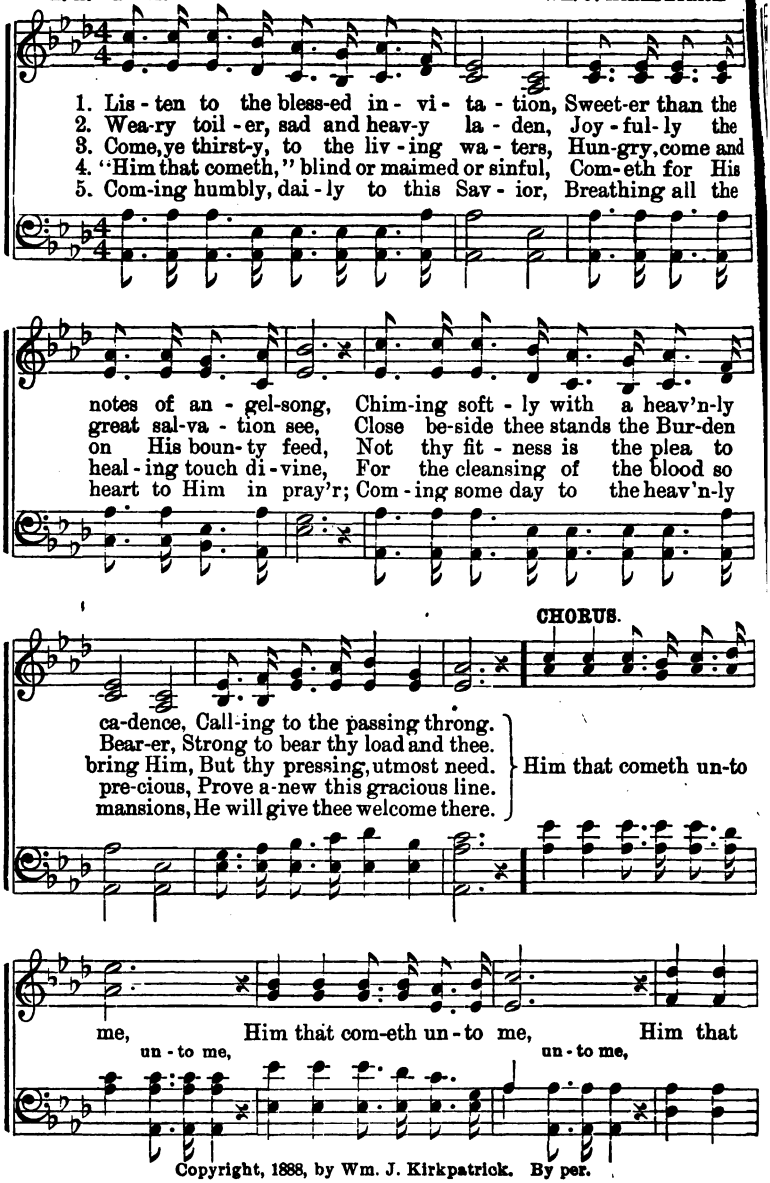
watch and pray,

Copyright, 1899, by C. E. Rowley.

No. 44. Him That Cometh Unto Me.

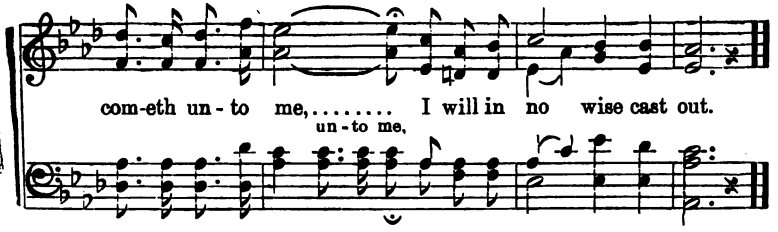
"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him."—Rev. 1: 7.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

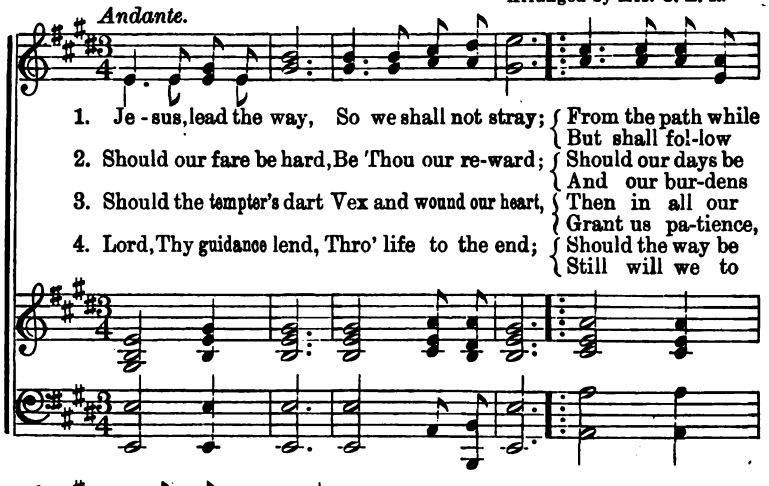
Him That Cometh Unto Me.—*Concluded.*



No. 45. Jesus, Lead the Way.

(As sung by C. E. Rowley and wife.)

Arranged by Mrs. C. E. R.



1. Je-sus, lead the way, So we shall not stray; { From the path while / But shall fol-low
2. Should our fare be hard, Be Thou our re-ward; { Should our days be / And our bur-dens
3. Should the tempter's dart Vex and wound our heart, { Then in all our / Grant us pa-tience,
4. Lord, Thy guidance lend, Thro' life to the end; { Should the way be / Still will we to

here a-bid-ing, / Thy safe guiding; } Lead us by the hand, To that hap-py land.
ver-y drear-y, / ver-y wea-ry; } Lead us by the hand, To that hap-py land.
woe and weakness, / grant us meekness; } Lead us by the hand, To that hap-py land.
smooth or try-ing, / Thee be cry-ing; } Lead us by the hand, To that hap-py land.

Copyright, 1886, by C. E. Rowley.

No. 46. THE PRODIGAL.

L. W. L. WHITE, by per.

1. In the des-ert so wild Is a prod-i-gal child, And the
2. In deep sor-row and shame, With no mer-it or claim, In con-
3. Then the loud mu-sic rang, And the glad an-gels sang, And the

storm-king howls loud o'er the way; Hear the thunders now roll, How we
tri-tion, in tears, and in pain, Sad and wea-ry at heart, Glad for
gold-en lamps bril-liant-ly burned; There was rapture and joy O'er the

D.S.—Plen-ty at home, Wherefore,

Fine.

pit-y the soul Who is far from his home to-day!
home to de-part, He re-turns to his Fa-ther a-gain.
home-sheltered boy, For the prod-i-gal child had re-turned.

then, dost thou roam? O thou prod-i-gal child, come home!

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Prod-i-gal child, out in the wild, Far from thy Father to-day, There is

Copyrighted, 1886. by L. WHITE.

No. 47. Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither -
3. Go, then, ev - er weep - ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus-

noon - tide, and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest,
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest,
tained our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

1 2

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves;
[*Omit.* . . . . .] ing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 48. No Other Way.

Acts 4: 12.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is call-ing in ac - cents so ten - der, "Come, wea - ry
2. Je - sus is yearning to - day o'er the err - ing; Touched with com -
3. Blind-ed by sin, grop-ing on in the dark-ness, No ray of
4. Spurning the cross and re - ject - ing His mer - cy, What is thy

sin - ner, oh, come un - to me!" No oth - er way of sal -
pas-sion His great heart of love; Striv - ing to win from the
hope to en - light - en the gloom; Why will you spend all your
hope? where, oh, where is thy stay? Come to the arms of His

va - tion is of-fered; Par - don was pur-chased so free - ly for thee.
world your af - fec-tions, Plac - ing your heart and your treas-ure a - bove.
life in the shad-ow, When in the light of God's love there is room?
ten - der com-pas-sion, Come as thou art, for there's no oth - er way.

CHORUS.

There's no oth - er way, there's no oth - er way, Then come to the

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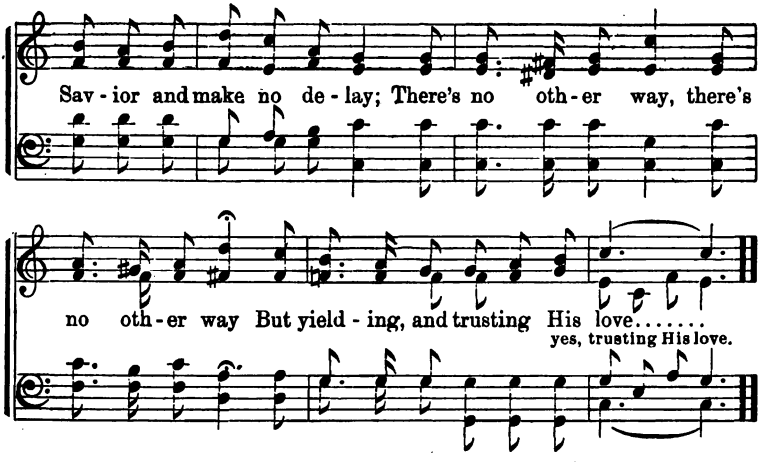
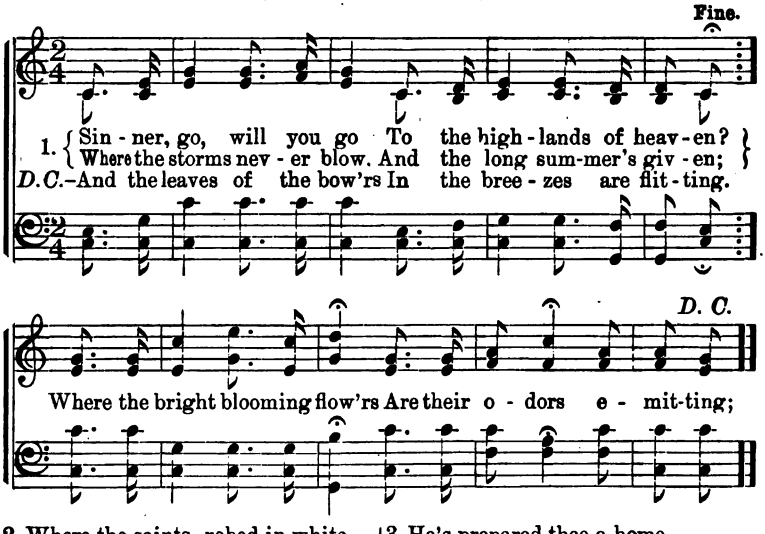
No Other Way.—*Concluded.*



No. 49. The Sinner's Invitation.



2 Where the saints, robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining, beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home,—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding;
And the Savior will soon
And forever cease pleading.

No. 50. HE IS A FRIEND INDEED.

L. W. REV. L. WHITE, by per.

1. Once I was blind, I could not see the Saviour, And oh, how dark was all the world to me! Lone-ly and sad, I thought that I could nev-er Find Him who died on Cal-va-ry for me.
2. Once I was lame, and could not follow Je-sus; Wounded by sin, I faint-ed by the way; Christ, the Phy-si-cian, healed my bro-ken spir-it; Now He sus-tains and leads me all the way.
3. Christ is my Lord, the wonderful Re-deem-er, Light of my soul, my Pro-phet, Priest and King; He is my all, and I am His for-ev-er; Help me His praise for-ev-er-more to sing.

CHORUS.

He's a friend in-deed, a friend in time of need; Gracious and ten-der has Je-sus been indeed; Oh! how He saves, and bears my

He is a Friend Indeed.—*Concluded.*

man - y bur-dens! He's the on-ly Friend that sin - ners ev - er need.

No. 51. The Way of the Cross.

Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him through the gar - den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him through the judg - ment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will

CHO.—*Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He*

hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior
with Him through the gar - den. I'll go with Him through the
with Him through the judg-ment, I'll go with Him through the
give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and

leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will

Ad lib. *D. C. for Chorus.*

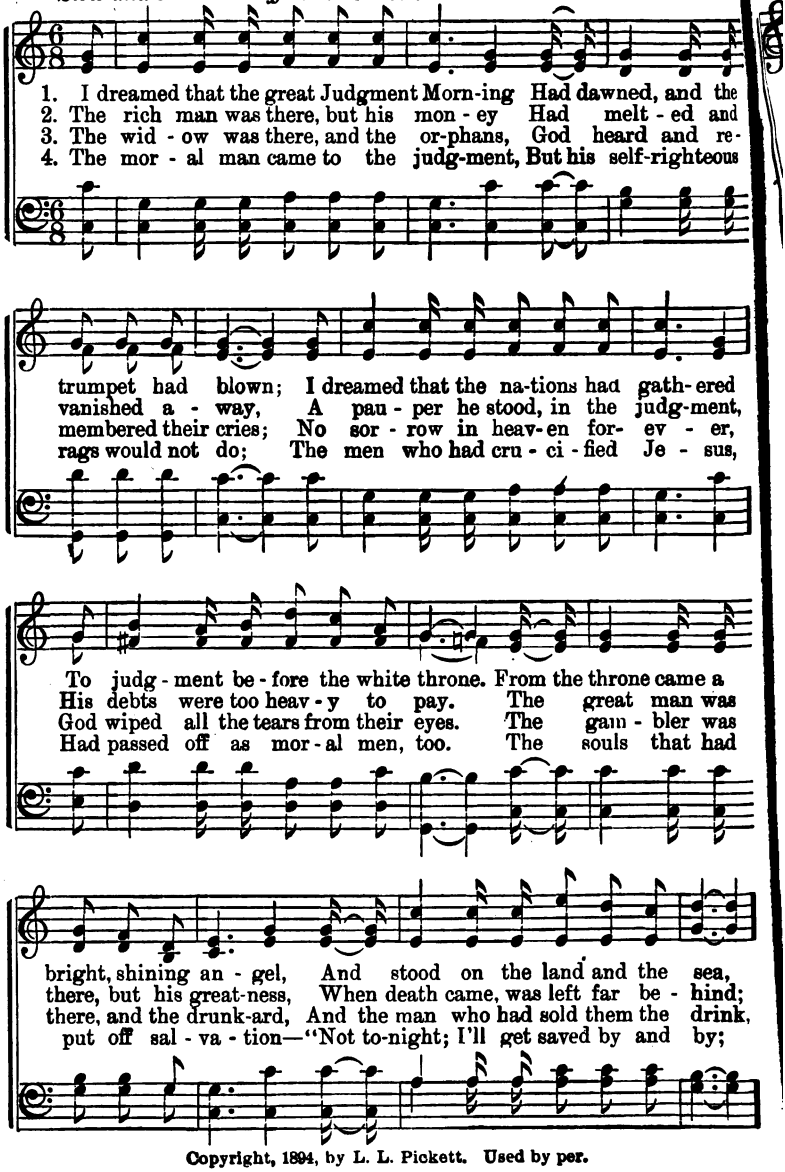
call - ing, "Take thy cross, and fol - low, fol - low me."
gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 52. The Great Judgment Morning.

"War Cry." Rev. L. L. Pickett.

Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.



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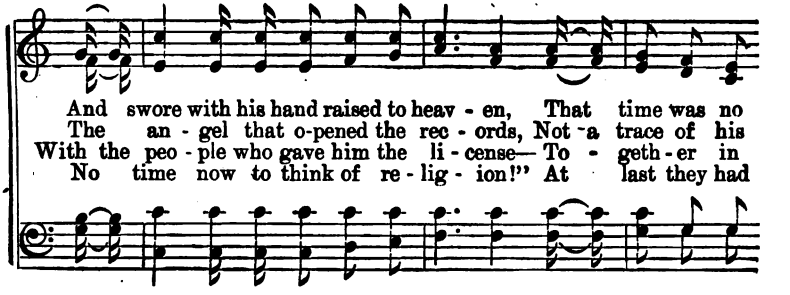
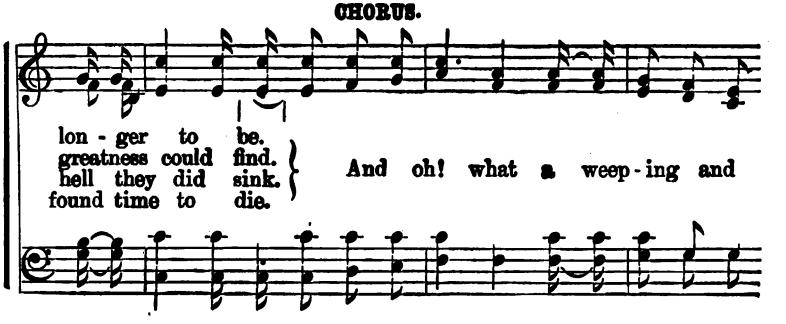
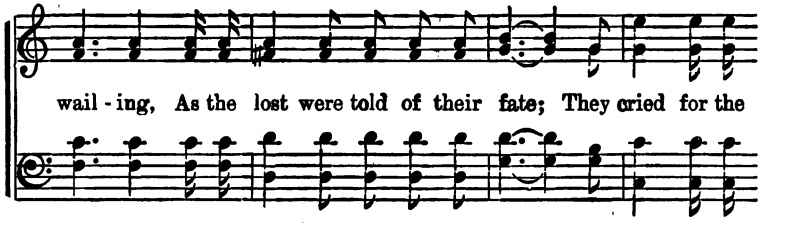
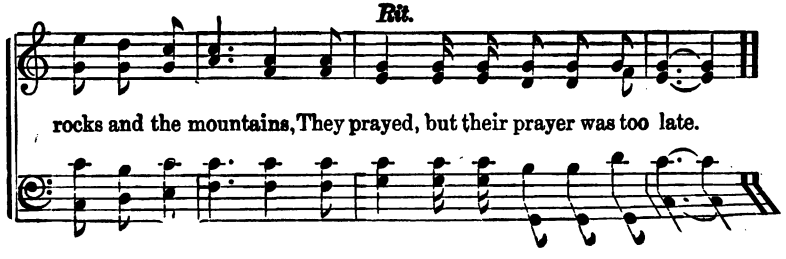
The Great Judgment Morning.—*Concluded.*







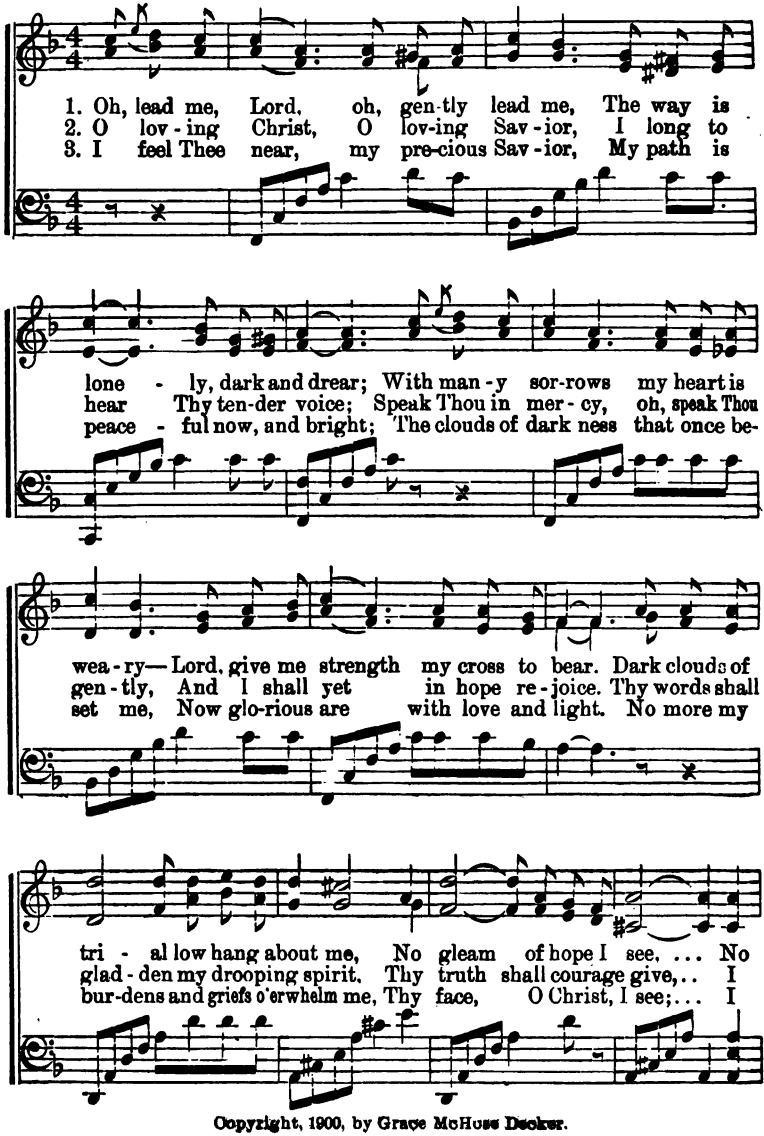


No. 53. Lord, Gently Lead Me.

(Duet for Sop. and Alto.)

1st verse by Mrs. Grace McHose Decker.
2d & 3d verses by Rev. Wallace R. Struble.

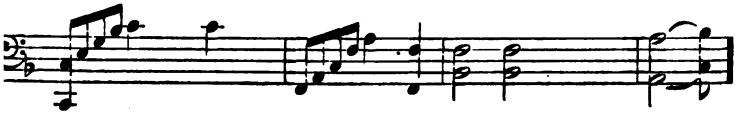
Mrs. Grace McHose Decker.



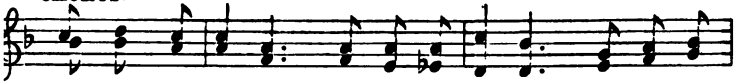
Copyright, 1900, by Grace McHose Decker.

Lord, Gently Lead Me.—*Concluded.*

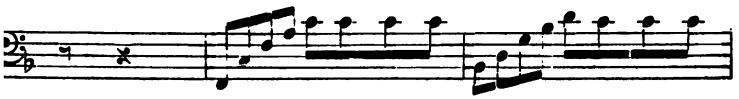
ray.... of light for me;.... Lord, lead me gently on.
hear... Thy voice and live;... Lord, lead me gently on.
know.. Thou lov - est me;... Lord, lead me gently on.

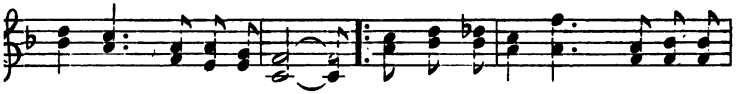


CHORUS.

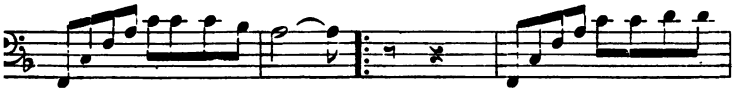


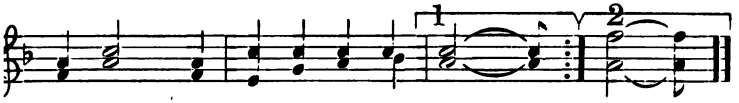
O bless - ed Je - sus, O lov - ing Sav - ior, Oh, lead me



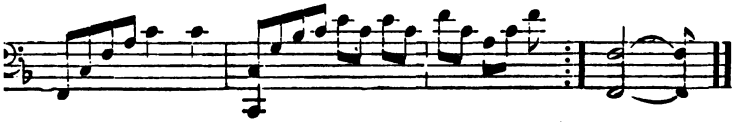


gen - tly and safely home; Oh, lead me gen - tly, oh, lead me





safe - ly, Lord, keep me by Thy side..... side....



No. 54. No Home.

Rev. J. B. Sitze. Mrs. Grace Decker, *nee* McHost.

Andante sostenuto.

1. "My mam - ma said, 'We have no home,' And then be - gan to cry;..... My pa - pa's dead, and
2. The Sav - ior had no home on earth, Nor where to lay His head;..... So He knew how to
3. On snow - y wings the an - gels bore Them to their home a - bove;..... With saints and Je - sus
4. There loved ones meet a - round the throne, In heav'n, our home on high;..... Why not ac - cept a

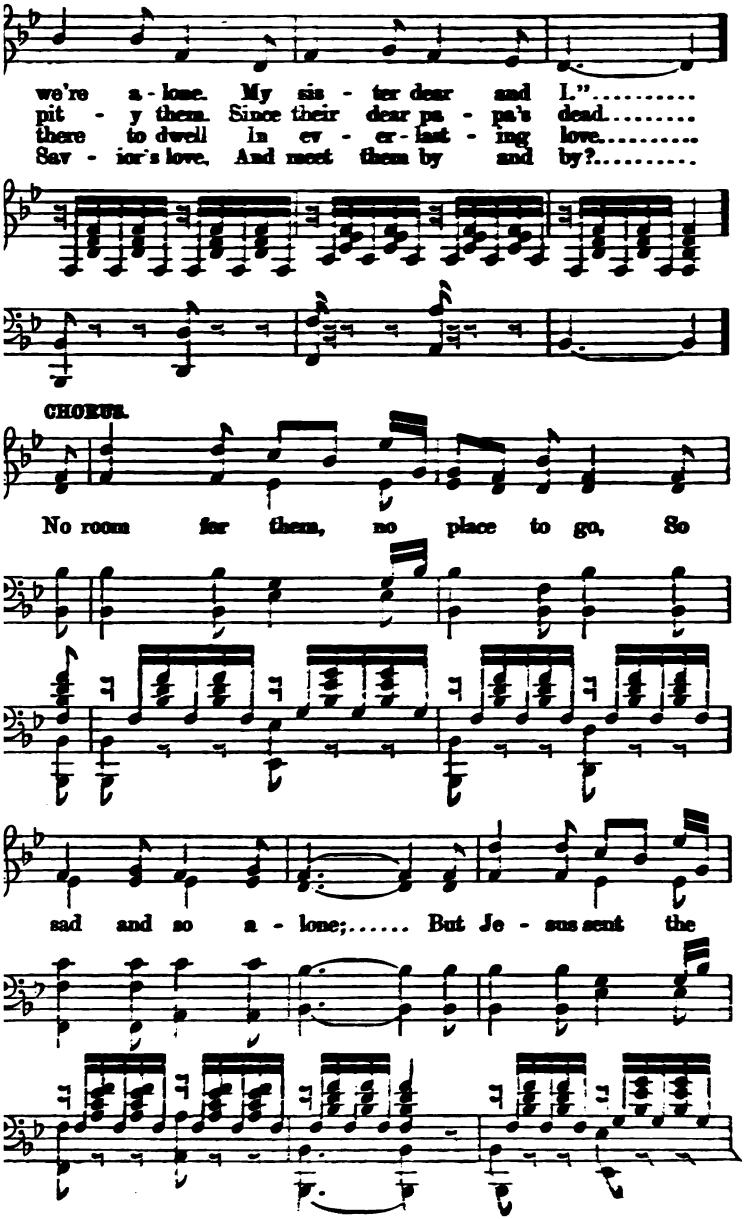
Note.—This song is founded on the following incident: While little Ruth D— was sitting on her grandpa's knee, on her third birthday, she became very thoughtful for a few moments, when suddenly she looked up and said, "Grandpa, Grandpa, just think! Mamma said 'We have *no home*,'" and then she cried. Seeing the tears starting in her grandpa's eyes, she threw her little arms around his neck, and soothingly said, "Grandpa, please don't cry; Jesus will give us a home by and by with papa in the sky." Just one month and a week from that time, she and her sister, Martha, six years old, died. So Jesus sent His angels to take them home to Himself and their papa in the skies.

Respectfully dedicated to the memory of my dear little children.

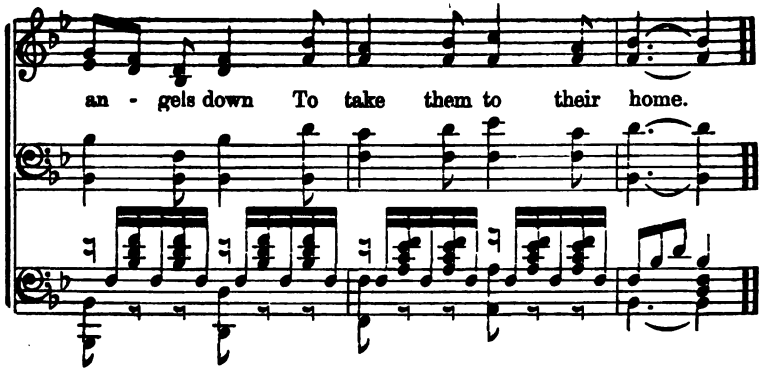
G. D.

Copyright, 1899, by Grace Decker.

No Home.—*Continued.*



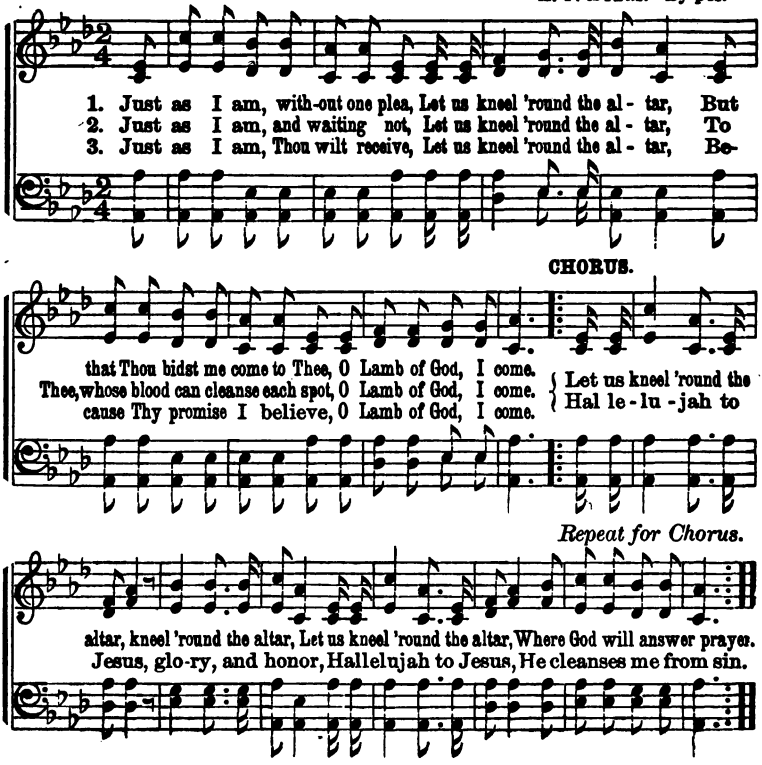
No Home.—*Concluded.*



No. 55. Just As I Am.

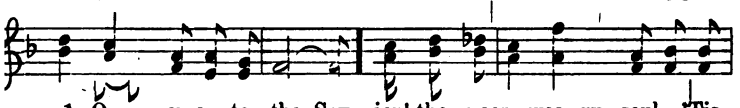
"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."—John 6: 2.

A. F. Myers. By per.

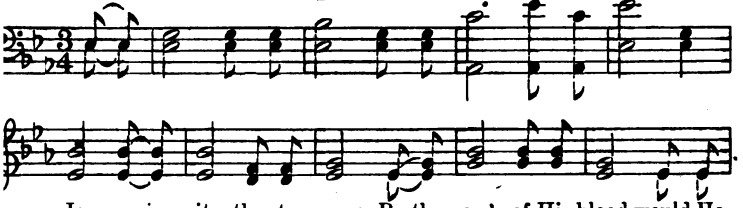


No. 56. To be Lost in the Night.

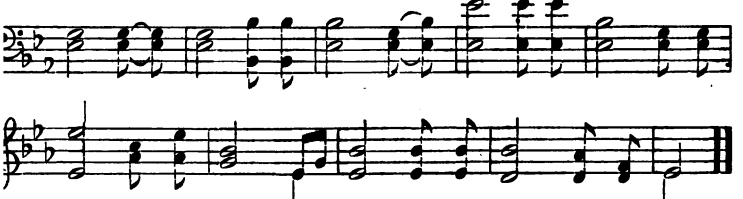
A. F. Ferris. Ella Butz Reeser. By per.



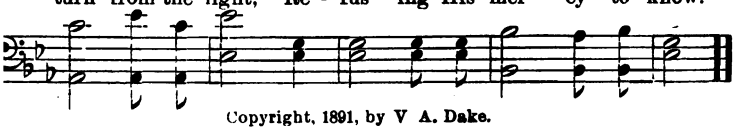
1. O come to the Sav - ior! thou poor wea - ry soul; 'Tis
2. His great lov - ing heart beats in pit - y for thee, He
3. Your time now is pass - ing, e - ter - ni - ty's near, The
4. To be lost in the night, in e - ter - ni - ty's night, To



Je - sus in - vites thee to come; By the pow'r of His blood would He
anx - ious-ly waits for thee now; O turn not a - way, but His
sun hangs low o'er thy way; O turn to Him now! the glad
sink in de- spair and in woe! But such is thy doom if thou

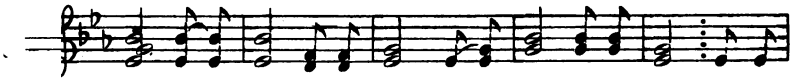


now make thee whole, And fit thee to dwell in His home.
bleed-ing hands see; They'll smooth the dark clouds from thy brow.
gos - pel word hear; Oh, has - ten while yet there is day!
turn from the light, Re - fus - ing His mer - cy to know.

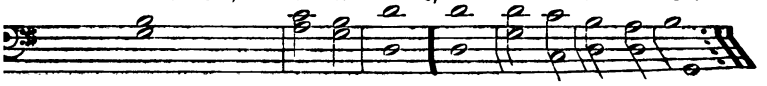


Copyright, 1891, by V A. Dake.

No. 57. Gloria Patri.



1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A-men.



No. 60. Let the Holy Ghost Come In.

(Companion to "Let a Little Sunshine In.")

R. F. Reynolds. C. E. Rowley.

Rather slow.

1. Would you be re-deemed from ev - 'ry in - born sin,
2. Would you have the Spir - it in your heart to cheer?
3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul,
4. Do you want the "power" to make you true and brave,

Have the Ho - ly Spir - it con - stant-ly with - in?
Would you be re - lieved from ev - 'ry doubt and fear?
Burn up all the dross, and sanc - ti - fy the whole?
So that you can res - cue those that Christ would save?

:S: Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,

D.S. Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,

Fine. REFRAIN.

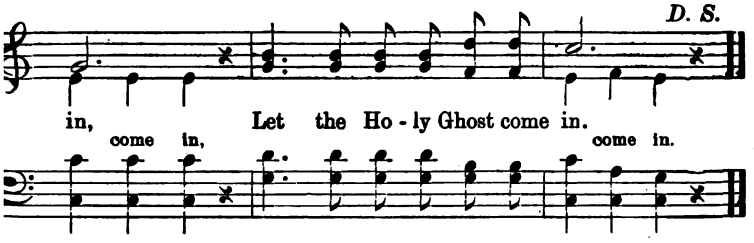
Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in. Let the Ho-ly Ghost come

come in.

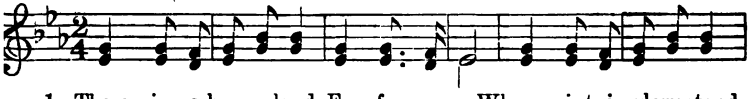
Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in (come in).

Copyright, 1899, by C. E. Rowley.

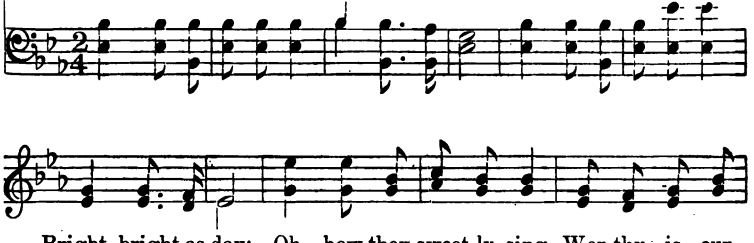
Let the Holy Ghost Come In.—*Concluded.*



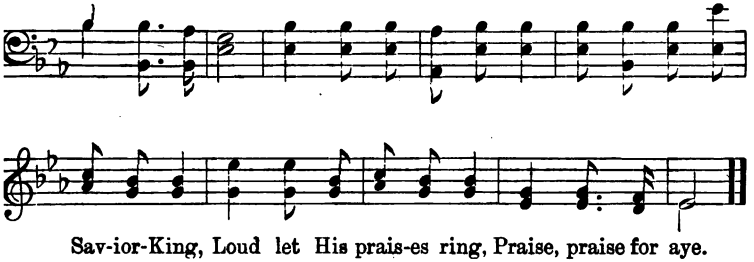
No. 61. There is a Happy Land.



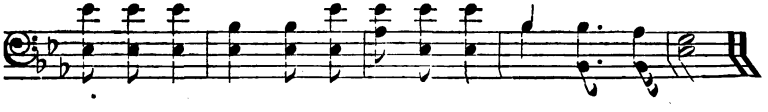
1. There is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand,
2. Come to that happy land, Come, come away: Why will ye doubting stand,
3. Bright, in that happy land, Beams ev'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,



Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When, from sin and
Love can not die. Oh, then to glo-ry run, Be a crown and



Sav-ior-King, Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
king-dom won; And bright a-bove the sun, Reign ev - er-more.



No. 62. MEET ME HERE.

[Pearl Jones, a devoted child, fourteen years of age, recently died in California; and the night before she fell asleep, "she asked her mamma if she was dying. Being told that she was, she said: 'Then in the morning I'll be with the angels.'"]

(Reading the obituary notice suggested the writing of the following song.)

Words and Music By C. E. Rowley.

Andante.

1. Earth-ly tri - als all are o'er, Pain and sor - row now no more; For I've reached the gold-en shore; Meet me here.
2. Sin - ful strife, nor tears, nor gloom, All is bright im - mor - tal bloom; This my hap - py, heav'nly home, Meet me here.
3. Sweet-er song I now can sing, Mak-ing heav-en's arch - es ring, Prais-es to my Lord and King, Meet me here.
4. Sor - row not, nor weep for me, Full of hope and pa-tience be, Fol - low Je - sus trust-ing - ly, Meet me here.

CHORUS.

Meet me here, Meet me here,

Meet me, meet me, meet me here; Meet me. meet me. meet me here;

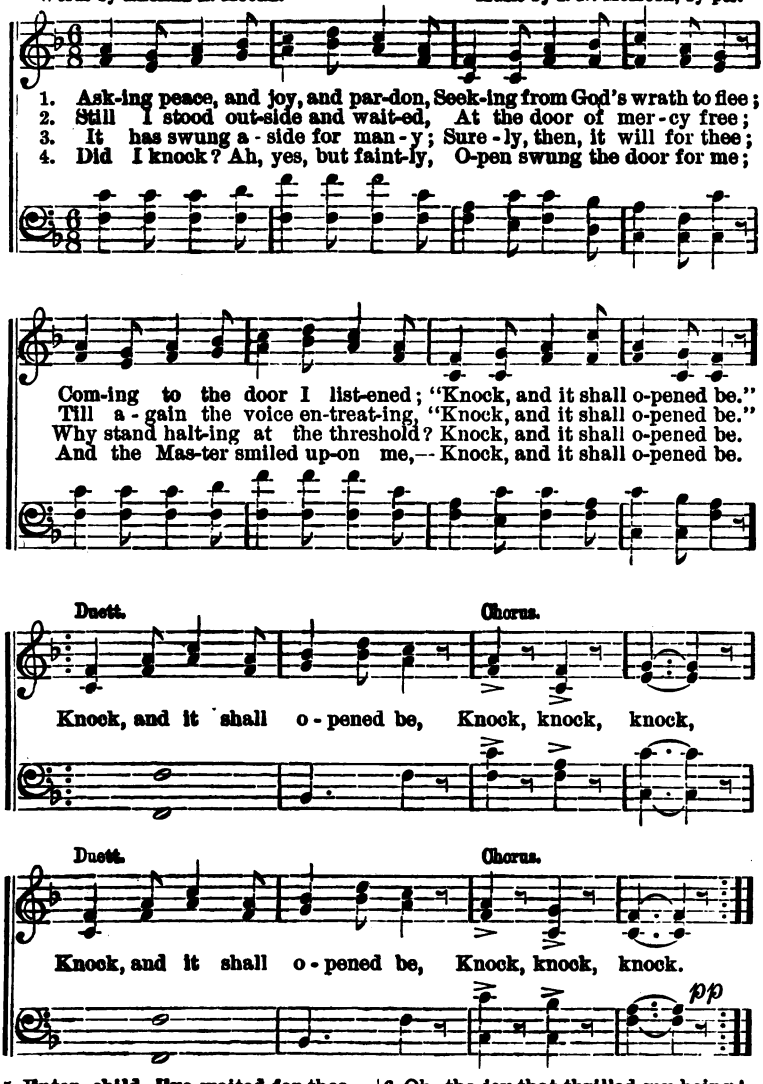
For I've reached the gold - en shore; Meet me here.

Copyrighted, 1886, by C. E. Rowley.

No. 63. Knock, and it Shall Opened Be.

St. Luke 11: 9.

Words by RACHEL E. MOORE. Music by I. N. MCHOSE, by per.



5 Enter, child, I've waited for thee,
Looked and hoped thy face to see;
Longed to clasp my arms about thee,
"Knock, and it shall opened be."

6 Oh, the joy that thrilled my being!
Saved, and from my sins set free!
Safe from all that would destroy me,
Knock, and it shall opened be.

Copyrighted, 1887, by I. N. McHose.

No. 64. There is Joy in Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15: 10.

MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy to-day, O'er the
2. When a soul has gone a-stray From the nar-row way, And there
3. Sin-ner, bow with grat-i-tude, And with heart subdued, Plead His

lamb that is found a-gain; Far away from pastures green, Wand'ring all a-lone
seemeth no joy nor rest, Je-sus still is ev-er near, Hearing night and day
mer-cy and pardon free! He will see the falling tear, Hear the fer-vent prayer,

REFRAIN.

On the des-o-late, barren plain.
All the cries of the sin-oppressed.
And will ten-der-ly welcome thee.
} Glory to the Lord of hosts, Shout the

morning stars on high; Praise Him ev-er, ye an-gels of light! He has

heard the distant cry Of the lamb to-day, And He bears it re-joic-ing home.

No. 65. The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O'Kane.

With feeling.

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks,–has knocked before; Has
2. O love- ly at -ti-tude,–He stands With melting heart and o - pen hands; O
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will,–the ver-y friend you need: The
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out His enemy and thine; That
5. Ad-mit Him ere His an-ger burn,–His feet, departed, ne'er return; Ad-

wait - ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
matchless kindness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va-ry.
soul - de-stroy-ing mon-ster, Sin, And let the heav'n-ly stranger in.
mit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at *His* door re - ject - ed stand.

CHORUS.

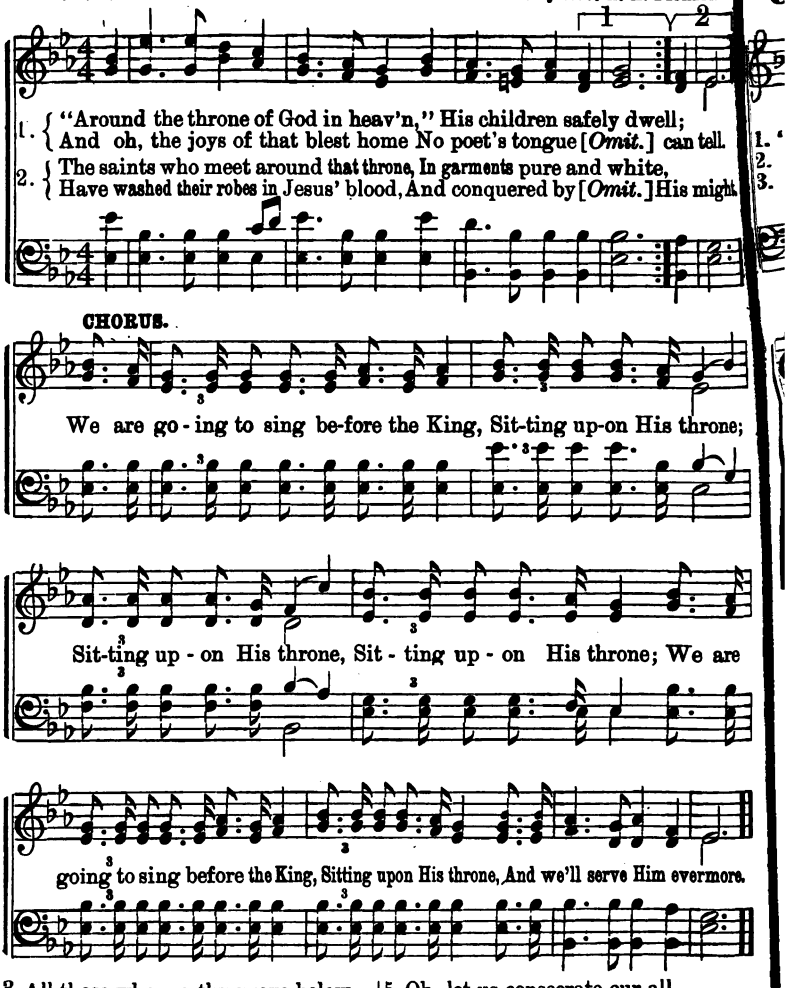
O let the dear Savior come in, He'll cleanse thy heart from sin; O
come in, from sin;

keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in.
come in.

By permission.

No. 66. Singing Before the King.

L. L. P. Arr. by Rev. L. L. Pickett.



3 All those who worthy prove below
Shall reign with Him above
Who saves us from our sins and stains
Through His redeeming love.

4 But none can walk yon golden streets,
Or sing those heavenly songs,
But those who trust alone in Him
To right their sins and wrongs.

5 Oh, let us consecrate our all
To God's beloved Son,
We'll live by faith—whate'er befall,
Until the crown is won.

6 The ransomed host now beckon us,
To join that sweet-voiced choir;
But we must first be born again,
And feel the Spirit's fire.

Copyright, 1896, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. Used by per.

No. 67. Life Everlasting.

C. E. R. C. E. Rowley.

Moderato.

1. "Straight is the gate and nar-row the way, Leading to life," our
2. Wea - ry, my broth - er, la-den with sin, Je - sus now waits to
3. Pre-cious sal - va - tion glo - ri - ous rest, Per-fect - ly par-doned

Sav-ior doth say; List to His voice, re - pent and be - lieve,
welcome you in; Low-ly in heart, oh, fly to His breast;
per-fect-ly blest, Full-ness of peace and pu - ri - ty giv'n;

D. S.—List to His voice, re - pent and be - lieve,

Fine. CHORUS.

Life ev - er - last - ing you shall re - ceive.
You shall there find that heav-en - ly rest.
Full-ness of bliss for - ev - er in heav'n.
} Life ev-er-last - ing,

Life ev - er - last - ing you shall re - ceive.

D. S.

life ev - er-last - ing, Life ev - er - last - ing you shall re - ceive;

Copyright, 1900, by C. E. Rowley.

No. 68. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev'-ry i - dol, cast out ev' - ry foe; Now wash me, and
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I gave up my self, and what - ev - er I know— Now wash me, and
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet. By faith for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow— Now wash me, and

CHORUS.

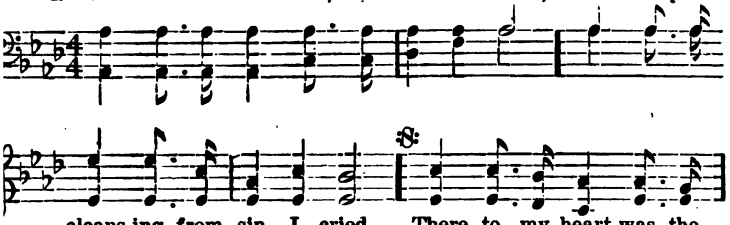
I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
I shall be whit - er than snow.
I shall be whit - er than snow.

Copyrighted, 1872, by WM. G. FISCHER.

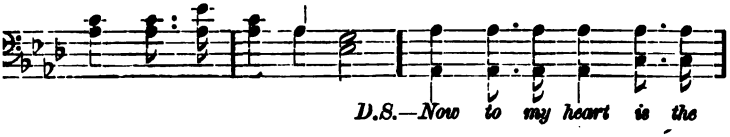
No. 69. GLORY TO HIS NAME!

E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton, by per.

1. Down at the cross where the Sav-iour died, Down where for
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin; Je-sus so
3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Hum-ble your

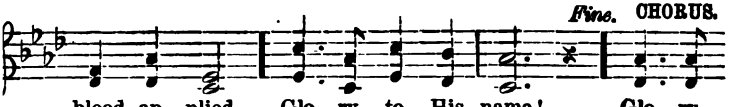


cleans-ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the
sweet-ly a-bides with-in, Saves me each mo-ment, and
glad I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me, and
soul at the Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be

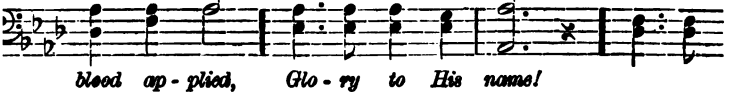


D.S.—Now to my heart is the

Fine. CHORUS.

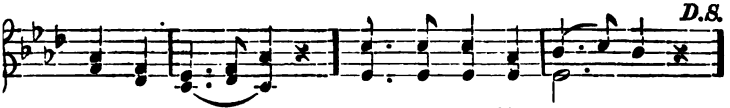


blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His name! Glo-ry
keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name!
keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His name!
made com-plete, Glo-ry to His name!

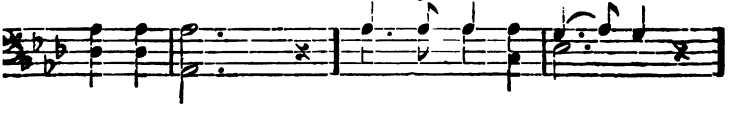


blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His name!

D.S.

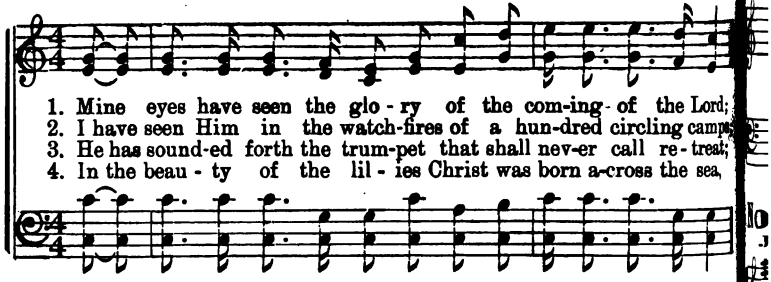


to His name! Glo-ry to His name!

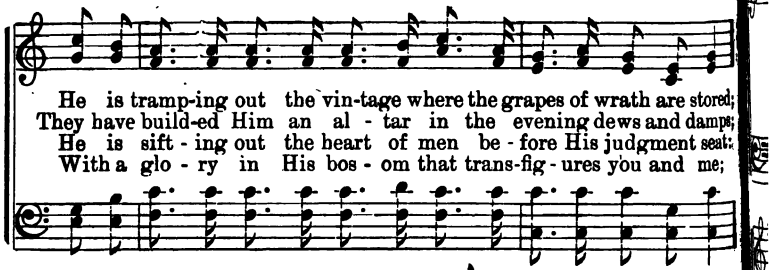


No. 70. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

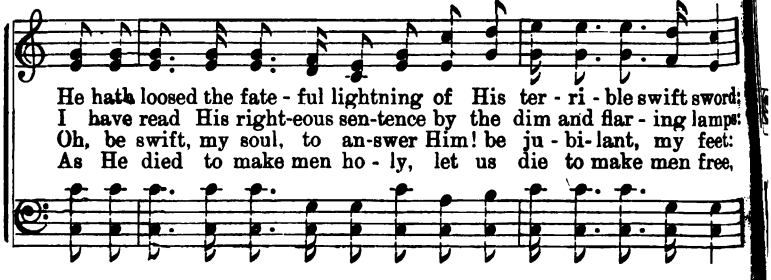
JULIA WARD HOWE. Old Camp-meeting Air.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing - of the Lord;
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps;
3. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re - treat;
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a-cross the sea,

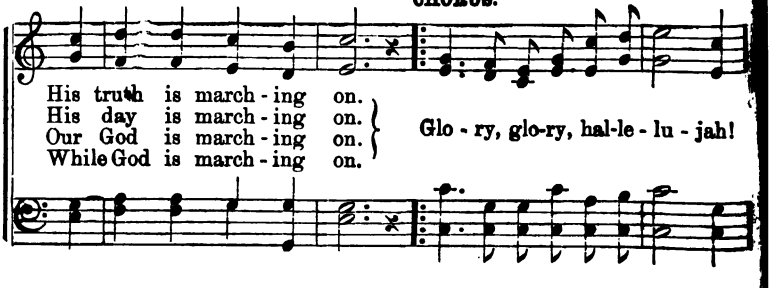


He is tramp-ing out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
They have build-ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps;
He is sift - ing out the heart of men be - fore His judgment seat:
With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me;



He hath loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;
I have read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet:
As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,

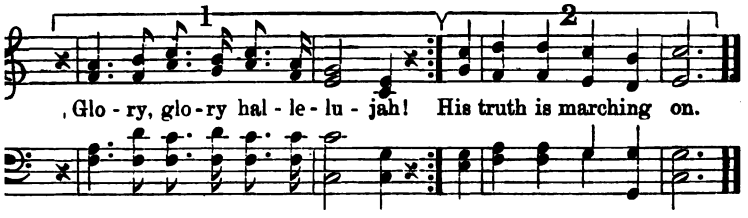
CHORUS.



His truth is march - ing on.
His day is march - ing on.
Our God is march - ing on.
While God is march - ing on.

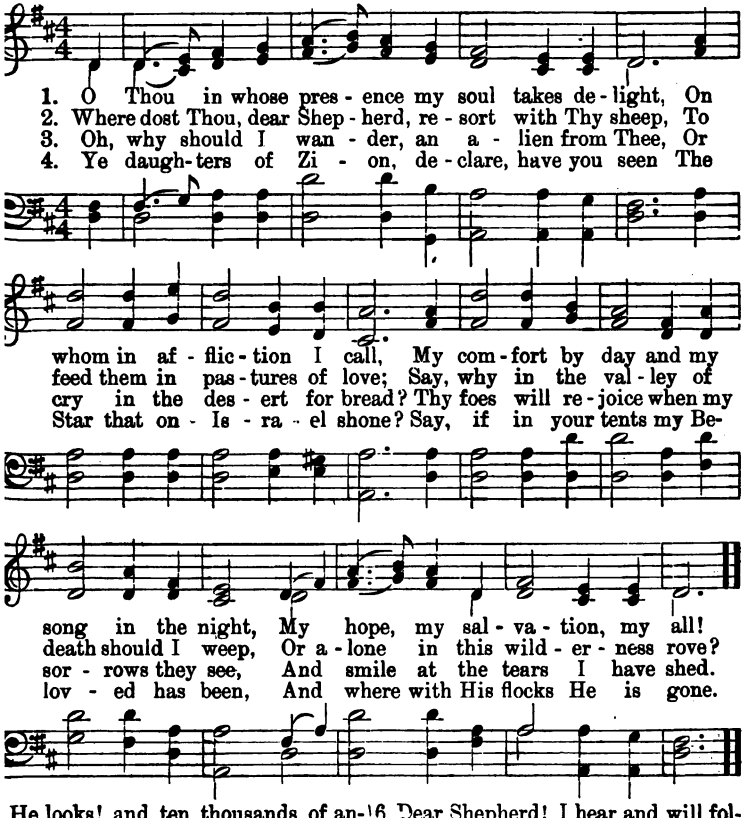
Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!

Battle Hymn of the Republic.—*Concluded.*



No. 71. Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS.



He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His word;
e speaks! and eternity, filled with His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd! I hear and will follow Thy call;
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all,
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

No. 72. O Wondrous Love.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—John 3: 16.

W. F. McCauley. A. F. Myers.

Moderato.

1. O wondrous love, O love di-vine, For I am His, and He is mine; O wondrous love, so rich and free, That full-est
2. The load of guilt no one could bear But Christ, the Lord, the One most fair; He suffered death, with all its pains, And endless
3. Oh, let us love and praise Him more, The story old tell o'er and o'er; He will new joys, new transports send, His wondrous

REFRAIN.

par - don brings to me, now brings to me.
life for us remains, for us remains.
love will have no end, will have no end.

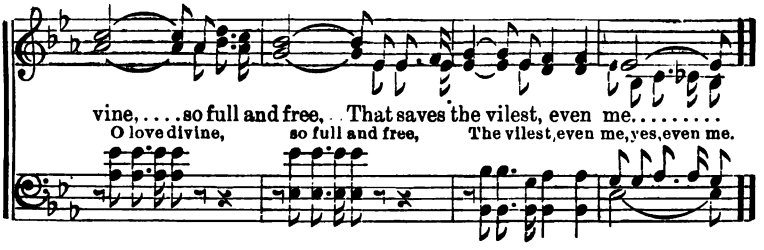
O wondrous love, the Father O wondrous love.

That fullest pardon brings, now brings to me.
And life for us remains, for us remains.
His love will have no end, will have no end.

shows,.... Redeeming us..... from all our woes!.... O love di-
the Father shows, Redeeming us from all our woes!

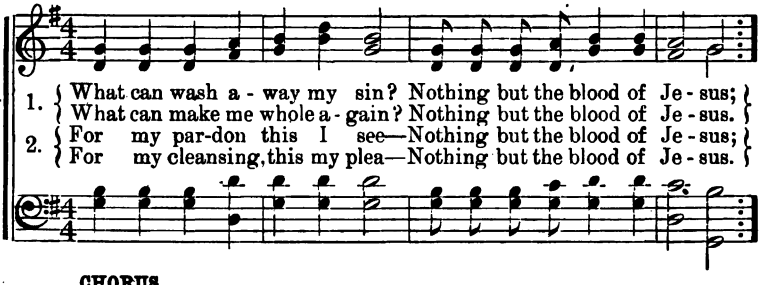
Copyright, 1899, by A. F. Myers. By per.

O Wondrous Love.—*Concluded.*

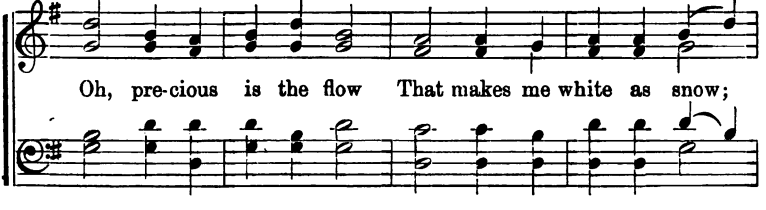


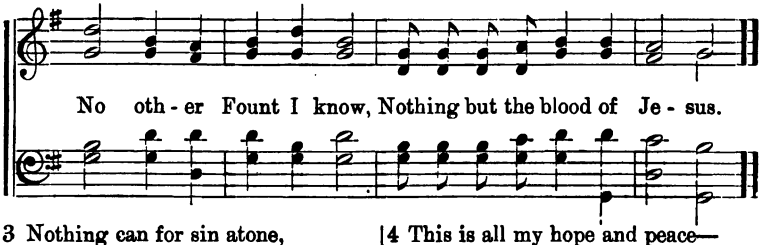
No. 73. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L. R. Lowry.



CHORUS.





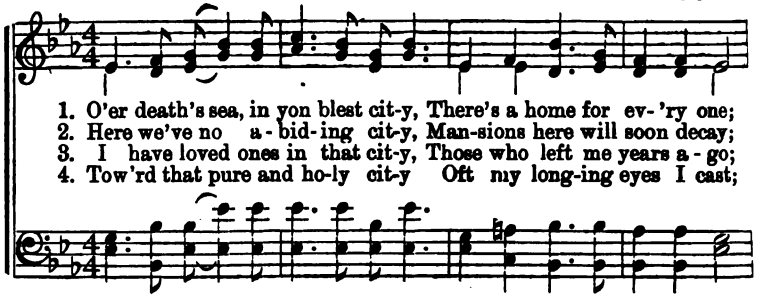
3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

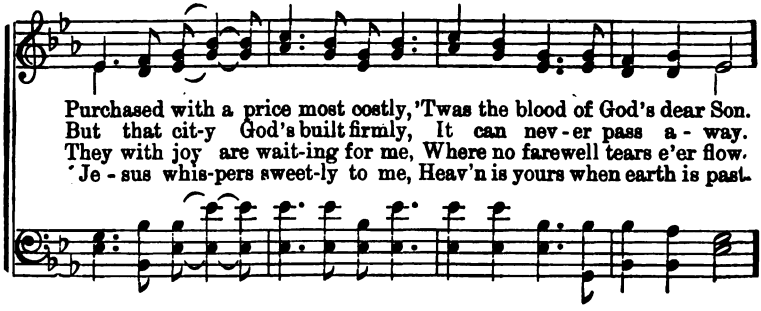
Copyright, 1876, by R. Lowry. Used by per. of Mary Runyon Lowry.

No. 74. In That City.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER. By pet.

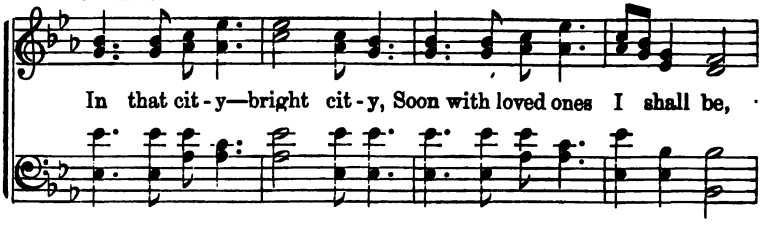


1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit-y, There's a home for ev-'ry one;
2. Here we've no a-bid-ing cit-y, Man-sions here will soon decay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit-y, Those who left me years a-go;
4. Tow'rd that pure and ho-ly cit-y Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;

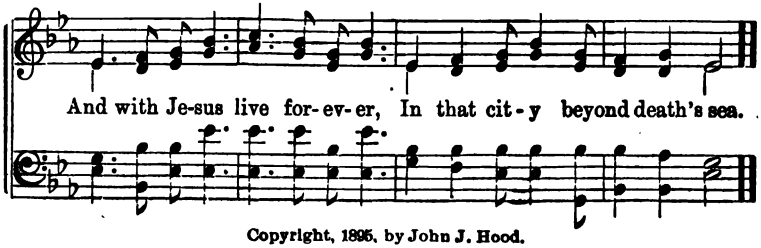


Purchased with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev-er pass a-way.
They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.
Je-sus whis-pers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.



In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be,



And with Je-sus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.

Copyright, 1895, by John J. Hood.

No. 75. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter. By per.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er -

last - ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

CHORUS.

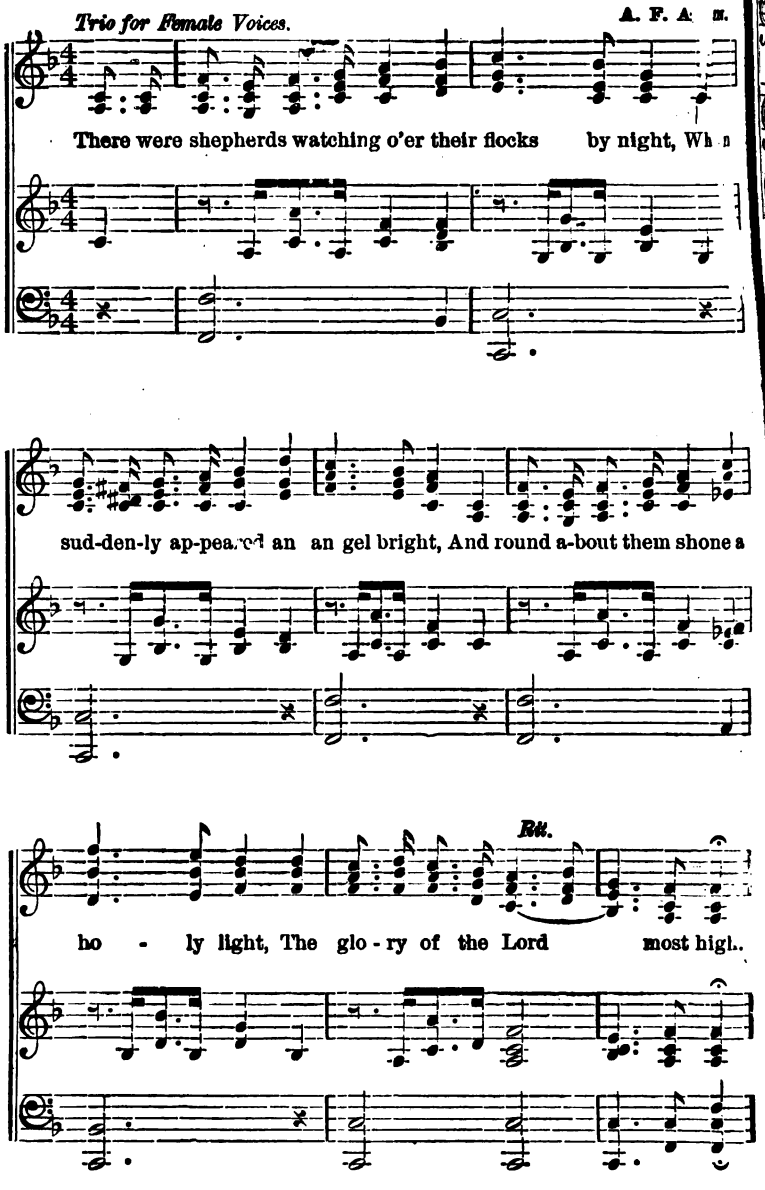
Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - - ing,
Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus,

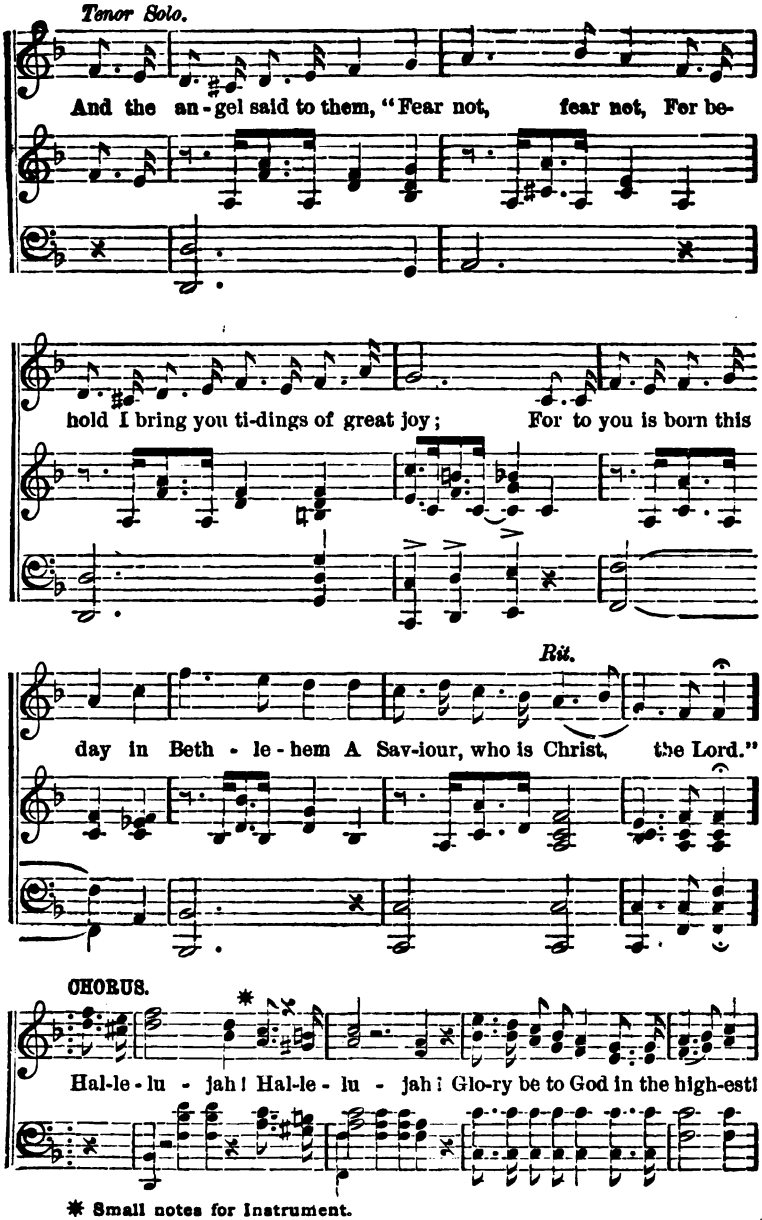
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

No. 76. CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

(May be sung as a Soprano Solo.)

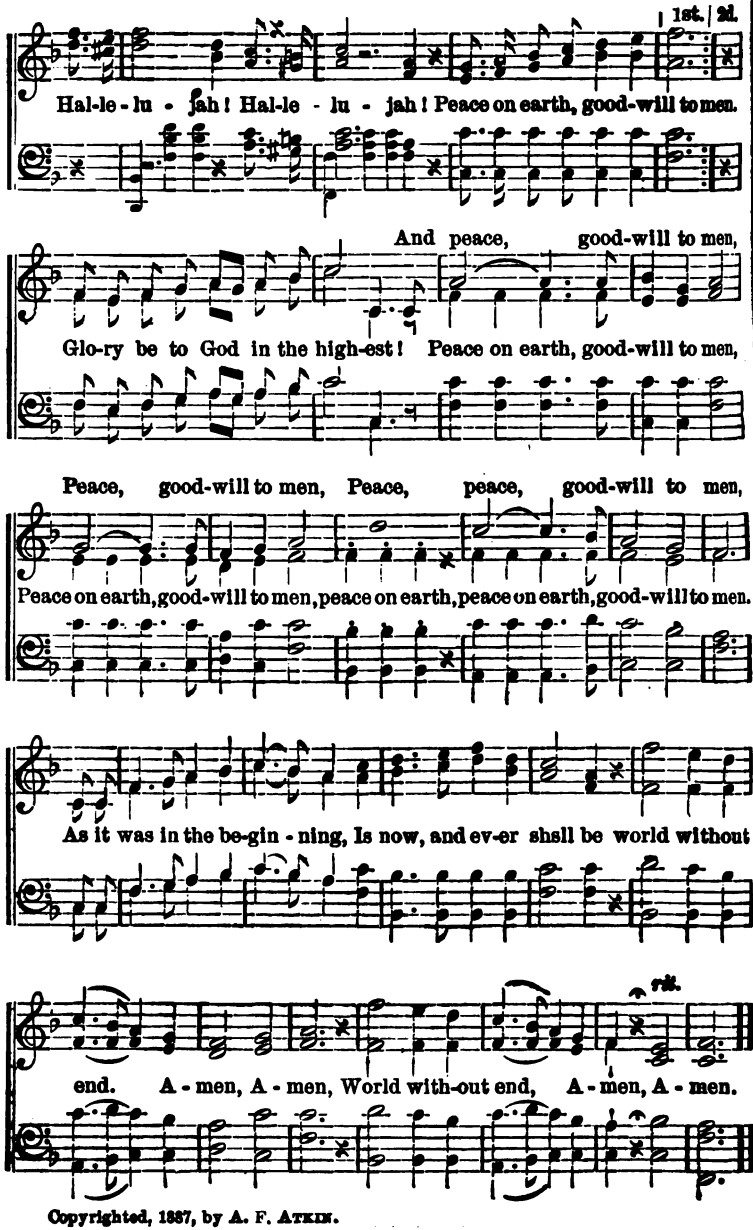


CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.—*Continued.*



* Small notes for Instrument.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.—*Concluded.*



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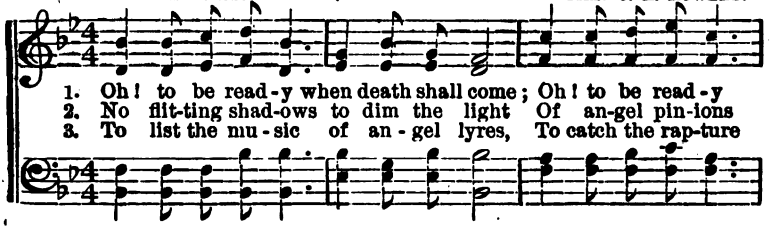
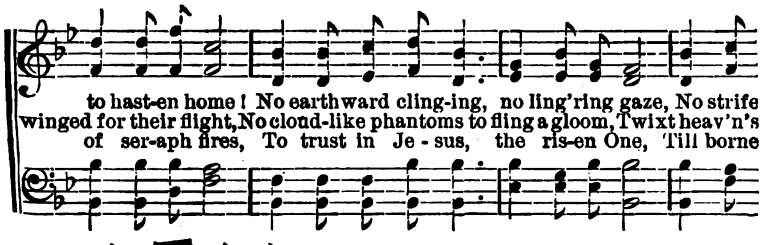
No. 77. OH! TO BE READY.

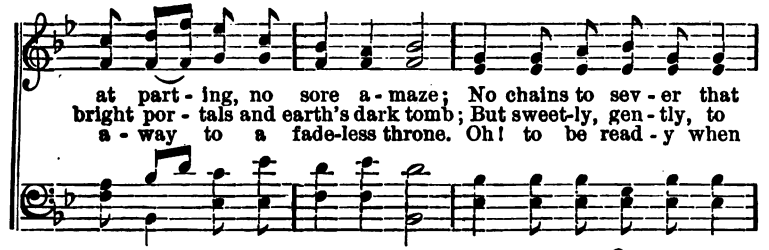
From "Changed Cross." Mrs. C. E. Rowley.



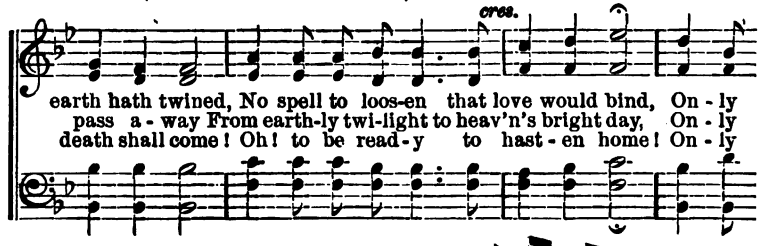
1. Oh! to be read-y when death shall come; Oh! to be read-y
2. No flit-ting shad-ows to dim the light Of an-gel pin-ions
3. To list the mu-sic of an-gel lyres, To catch the rap-ture



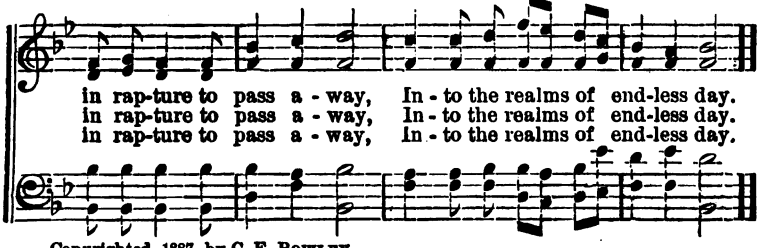
to hast-en home! No earthward cling-ing, no ling'ring gaze, No strife
winged for their flight, No cloud-like phantoms to fling a gloom, Twixt heav'n's
of ser-aph fires, To trust in Je-sus, the ris-en One, Till borne



at part-ing, no sore a-maze; No chains to sev-er that
bright por-tals and earth's dark tomb; But sweet-ly, gen-tly, to
a-way to a fade-less throne. Oh! to be read-y when



earth hath twined, No spell to loos-en that love would bind, On-ly
pass a-way From earth-ly twi-light to heav'n's bright day, On-ly
death shall come! Oh! to be read-y to hast-en home! On-ly

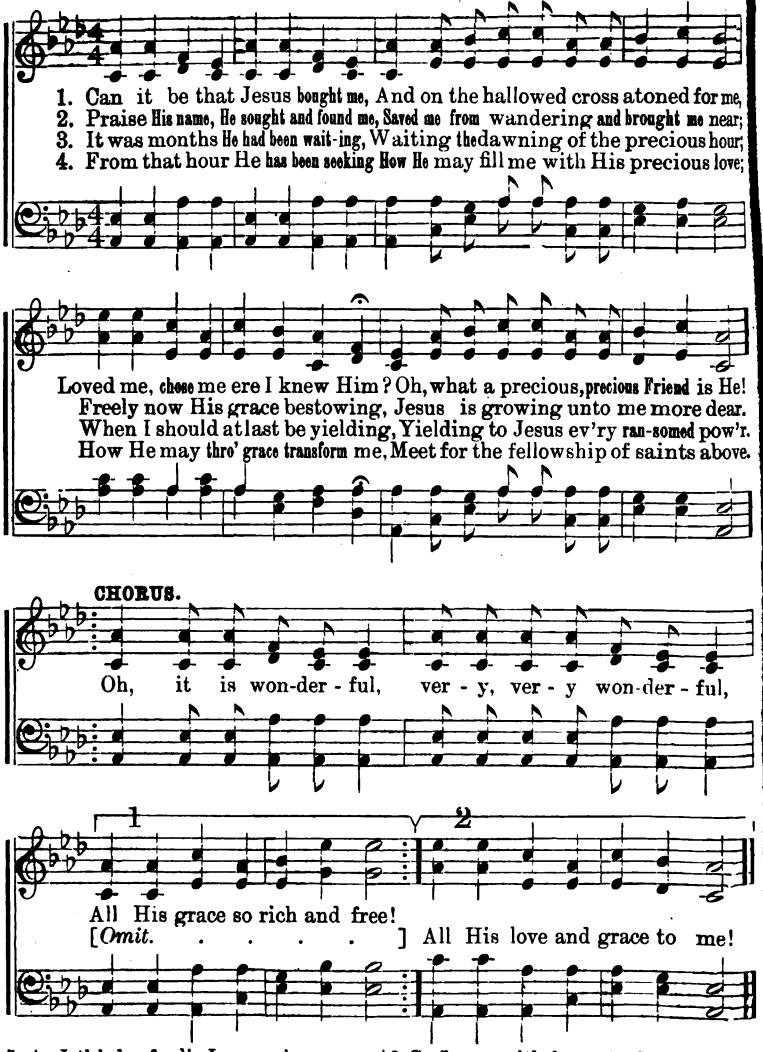


in rap-ture to pass a-way, In-to the realms of end-less day.
in rap-ture to pass a-way, In-to the realms of end-less day.
in rap-ture to pass a-way, In-to the realms of end-less day.

Copyrighted, 1887, by C. E. Rowley.

No. 78. O It is Wonderful!

E. C. GREEN. Rewritten. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



5 As I think of all, I marvel
Why in such patience He my good has sought,
And bestowed His grace upon me,
And in my spirit such a change has wrought.

6 So I cry, with love o'erflowing:
"Unto the Savior be eternal praise,"
Who redeemed me, soul and body,
Filling with gladness all my earthly days.

Copyright, 1894, by The Hoffman Music Co. By per. of Henry Date, owner.

No. 79. Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. I am pray-ing, blessed Sav-ior, To be more and more like Thee;
2. I am pray-ing, blessed Sav-ior, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray-ing to be humbled By the pow'r of grace di-vine,
4. I am pray-ing, blessed Sav-ior, And my con-stant pray'r shall be

I am pray-ing that Thy Spir-it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see Thy glo-ry Thro' the deep-est, darkest night.
To be clothed up-on with meekness, And to have no will but Thine.
For a per-fect con-se-cra-tion That shall make me more like Thee.

CHORUS.

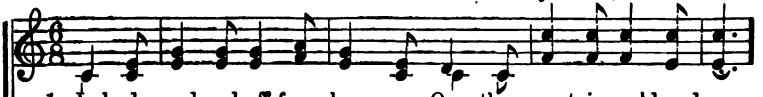
Thou who know-est all my weak-ness, Thou who knowest all my care,

While I plead each precious promise, Hear, O hear, and answer pray'r.

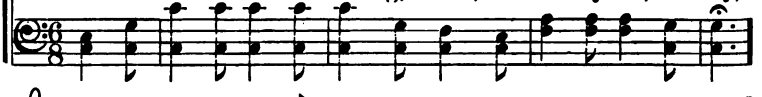
Copyright, 1889, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 80. The Wanderer.

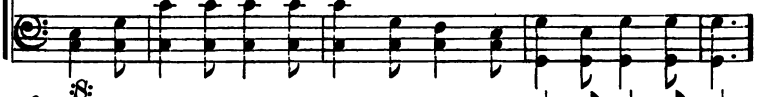
Words and Music by Rev. B. CARRADINE.



1. I had wandered off from heav - en, On the mountains cold and gray,
2. I was work-ing in the tem - ple, With the Sav - ior by my side,
3. Man-y ear-ly friends had left me, While the vacant room and chair
4. Then I saw at once that Je - sus Could be bet - ter far than all,
5. So I heard the Sav-ior call- ing, "Come, thou wea - ry one, a - way,"



When I heard my Sav - ior call - ing To His lost sheep far a - way;
Where the mul - ti-tude as - sem - bled, In its mis - er - y and pride;
Were re-mind- ers of the pri - ces I had paid down to be there;
He could light-en up the path-way, Could surround me like a wall;
And my an-swer quickly followed, "Lord, I'm com-ing home to- day."



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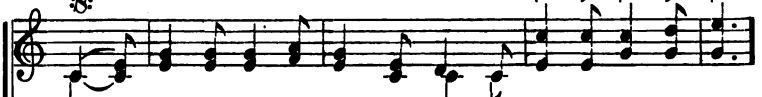
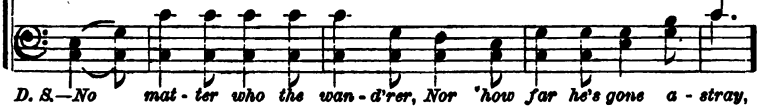
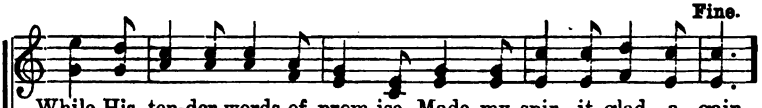


How I list-ened as the tear-drops Coursed adown like fall-ing rain,
Glancing upward from my la - bor I just caught His distant smile,
I was brooding o'er my loss - es, When the Sav - ior spoke to me,
He could take the place of loved ones, Wipe the fall - ing tears a - way,
Now His lov - ing arms are round me, And my head is on His breast,

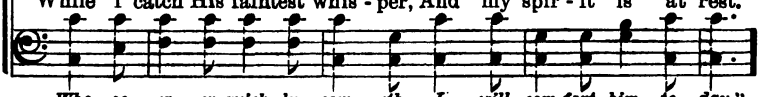


D. S.—No mat - ter who the wan - d'rer, Nor 'how far he's gone a - stray,

Fine.



While His ten-der words of prom-ise Made my spir - it glad a - gain.
"You have placed your work between us, Come and talk with me awhile."
"You have let your sor-rows set - tle Like a cloud 'tween me and thee."
Turn my sor - row in - to laugh - ter, Change the night-tide in - to day.
While I catch His faintest whis - per, And my spir - it is at rest.

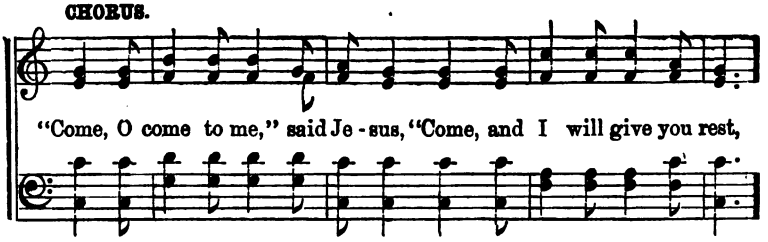


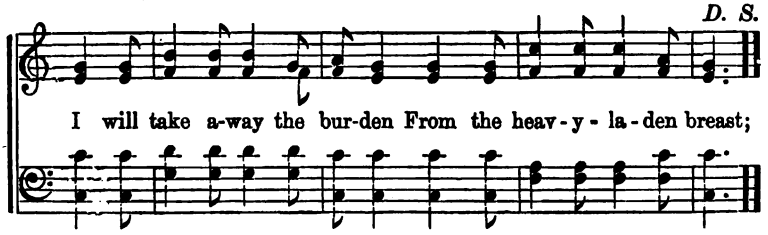
Who - so - ev - er quick - ly com - eth, I will com-fort him to - day."

Copyright, 1897, by E. T. Rinehart. By per of Rev. L. L. Pickett, owner.

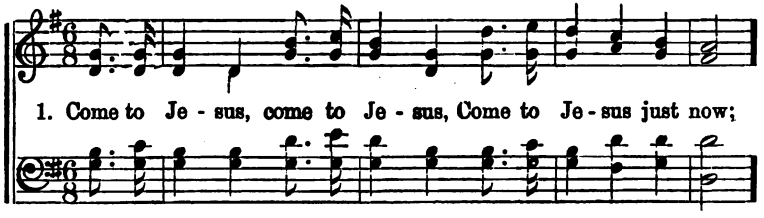
The Wanderer.—*Concluded.*

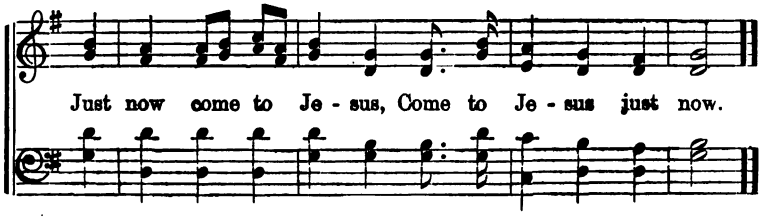
CHORUS.





No. 81. Come to Jesus.





2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him,
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto Him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus.
12 Only trust Him.
13 Jesus loves you.
14 Don't reject Him.
15 I believe Him.
16 He will bless you.
17 He will cleanse you.
18 He will clothe you.
19 Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 82. Turned Away from the Beautiful Gate.

D. E. Dortch. D. E. Dortch, by permission.

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord
2. Some one will hear the an - gels' song, And wish he could
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro-
4. Some one will lin-ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and his
5. Some one will go in - to dark - ness drear, Far off from the
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad

saying, "You can-not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his
join with the hap-py throng; With sighing he'll mourn o'er his
nounces the word, "depart;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his
peo-ple as - cend the skies; With weeping he'll mourn o'er his
Saviour and all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his
wailings no tongue can tell; With hor - ror he'll mourn o'er his

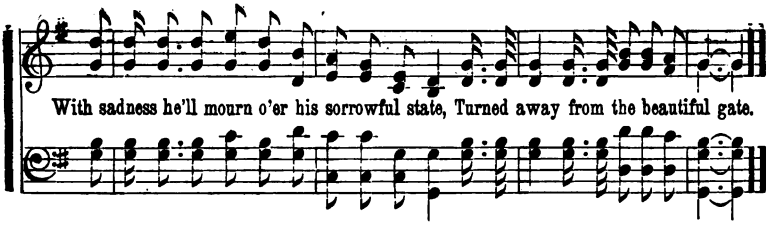
sor-row - ful state, Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate.

REFRAIN.

Turned away from the beautiful gate, Turned away from the beautiful gate;

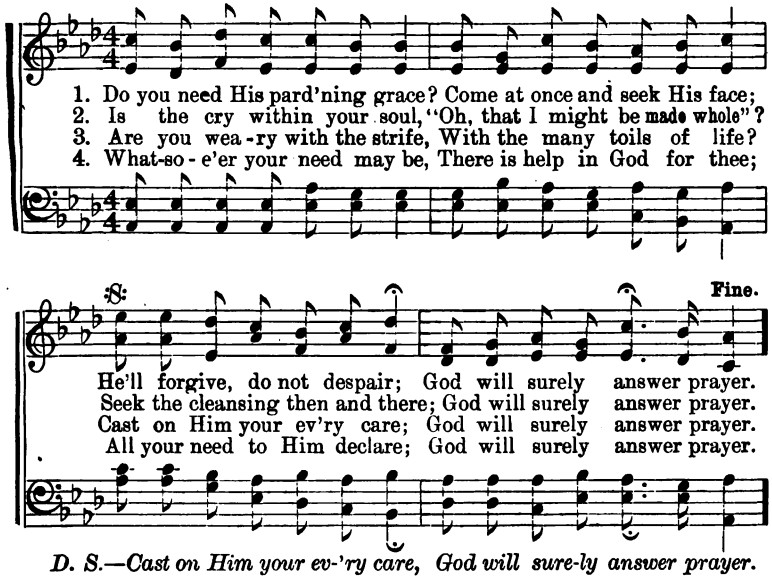
Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

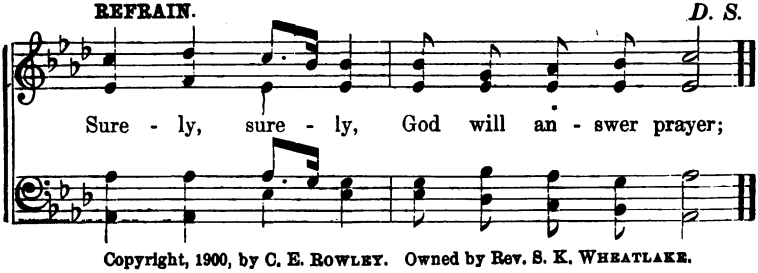
Turned Away, Etc.—*Concluded.*



No. 83. God Will Surely Answer Prayer.

REV. S. K. WHEATLAKE. C. E. ROWLEY.

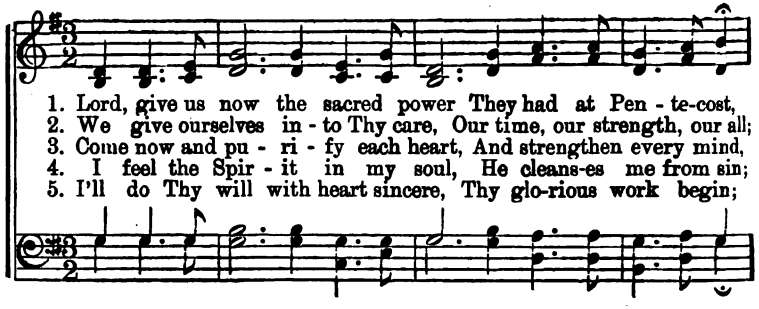




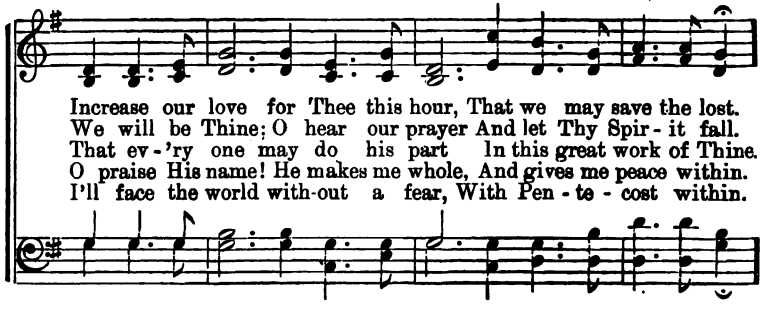
Copyright, 1900, by C. E. ROWLEY. Owned by Rev. S. K. WHEATLAKE.

No. 84. The Pentecostal Power.

J. O. S. REV. J. O. STUTSMAN.



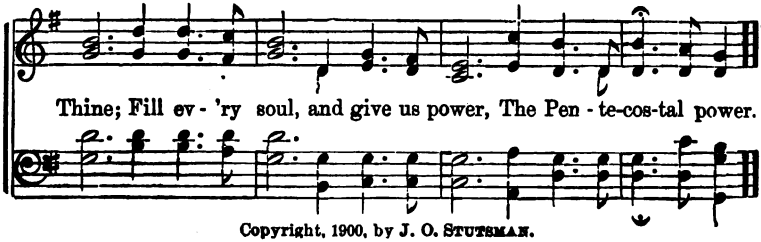
1. Lord, give us now the sacred power They had at Pen - te-cost,
2. We give ourselves in - to Thy care, Our time, our strength, our all;
3. Come now and pu - ri - fy each heart, And strengthen every mind,
4. I feel the Spir - it in my soul, He cleans-es me from sin;
5. I'll do Thy will with heart sincere, Thy glo-rious work begin;



Increase our love for Thee this hour, That we may save the lost.
We will be Thine; O hear our prayer And let Thy Spir - it fall.
That ev - 'ry one may do his part In this great work of Thine.
O praise His name! He makes me whole, And gives me peace within.
I'll face the world with-out a fear, With Pen - te - cost within.

CHORUS.

O sa - cred fire of love di - vine, Consume the dross and make us

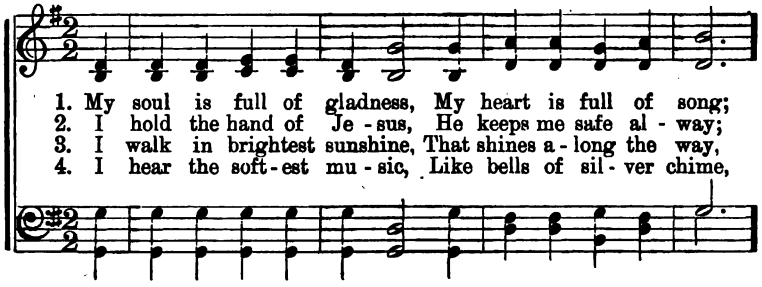


Thine; Fill ev - 'ry soul, and give us power, The Pen - te-cos-tal power.

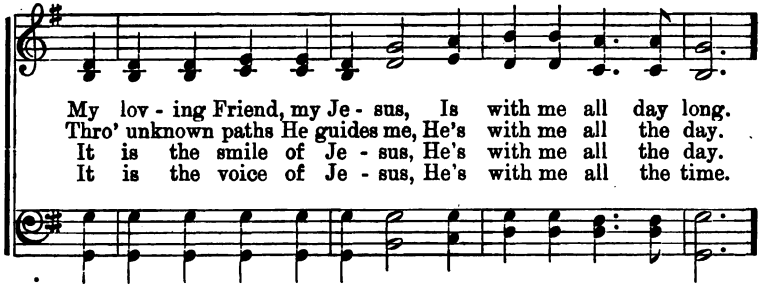
Copyright, 1900, by J. O. STUTSMAN.

No. 85. He's With Me All the Time.

M D. K. M. D. KIRKPATRICK.

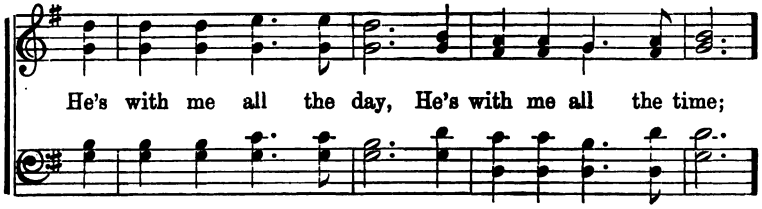


1. My soul is full of gladness, My heart is full of song;
2. I hold the hand of Je - sus, He keeps me safe al - way;
3. I walk in brightest sunshine, That shines a - long the way,
4. I hear the soft - est mu - sic, Like bells of sil - ver chime,

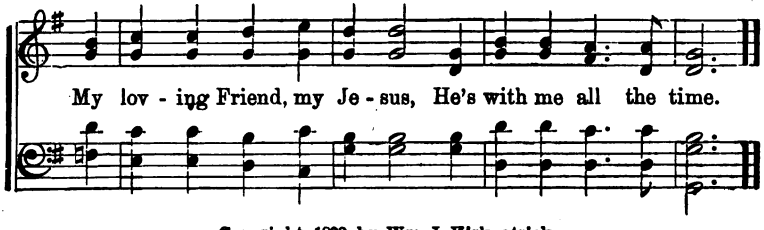


My lov - ing Friend, my Je - sus, Is with me all day long.
Thro' unknown paths He guides me, He's with me all the day.
It is the smile of Je - sus, He's with me all the day.
It is the voice of Je - sus, He's with me all the time.

CHORUS.



He's with me all the day, He's with me all the time;



My lov - ing Friend, my Je - sus, He's with me all the time.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 86. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. By per. W. G. Tomer.

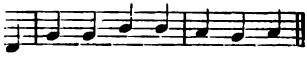
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se- cure - ly hide you, Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick confound you, Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, ... till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet; till we meet a - gain.

andard and Familiar Hymns.

Tune—Coronation. C. M.



R a thousand tongues, to sing
y great Redeemer's praise;
ories of my God and King,
riumphs of his grace.

racious Master, and my God,
t me to proclaim,—
ead, through all the earth
abroad,
onors of thy Name.

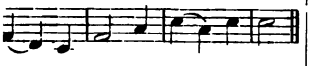
! —the Name that charms our
fears,
bids our sorrows cease;
sic in the sinner's ears,
ife, and health, and peace.

eaks the power of cancell'd sin,
ts the pris'ner free;
od can make the foulest clean;
lood avail'd for me.

peaks, —and list'ning to his
voice,
life the dead receive;
urnful, broken hearts rejoice;
umble poor believe.

him, ye deaf; his praise, ye
dumb,
loosen'd tongues employ;
d, behold your Saviour come;
eap, ye lame, for joy.

Tune—Vain, Delusive World.



, delusive world, adieu,
h all of creature good:
sus I pursue,
bought me with his blood:
pleasures I forego;
iple on thy wealth and pride;
sus will I know,
Jesus crucified.

knowledge I disdain;
ll but vanity:
the Lamb of God, was slain,—
sted death for me.

Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide.
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

89. Tune—Coronation. C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

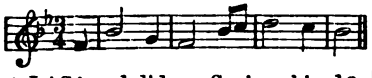
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

90. **Tune—Avon.** C. M.



ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

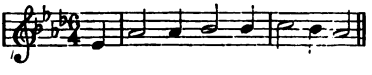
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

91. **Tune—Ortonville.** C. M.



AM I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

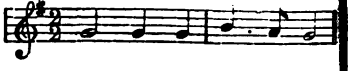
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

92. **Tune—New Haven.** 19th P. M.



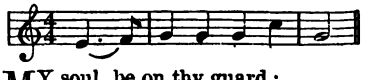
MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

93. **Tune—Laban.** S. M.



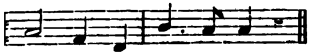
MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

Tune—Come, Ye Disconsolate.

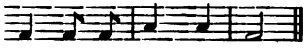


E, ye disconsolate, where'er ye
languish;
to the mercy-seat, fervently
kneel,
ring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish;
has no sorrow that Heaven
cannot heal.

of the desolate, light of the
straying,
of the penitent, fadeless and
pure,—
peaks the Comforter, tenderly
saying,—
has no sorrow that Heaven
cannot cure.

see the bread of life; see
waters flowing
from the throne of God, pure
from above;
the feast of love, come, ever
knowing—
has no sorrow but Heaven
can remove.

Tune—Shawmut. S. M.



can I yet delay
little all to give?
my soul from earth away
esus to receive?

but I yield, I yield;
hold out no more:
by dying love compell'd,
own thee conqueror.

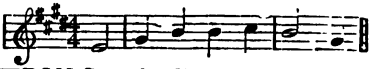
gh late, I all forsake;
iends, my all, resign:
s Redeemer, take, O take,
eal me ever thine.

, and possess me whole,
ence again remove:
nd fix my wav'ring soul
all thy weight of love.

e desire be this,—
nly love to know;
and taste no other bliss,—
her good below.

fe, my portion thou;
all-sufficient art:
e, my heavenly treasure, now
, and keep my heart.

96. Tune—Missionary Hymn. 20th P. M.



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

97. Tune—Dennis. S. M.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state,
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

SPECIAL SELECTIONS

— FOR —

ENLARGED VICTORY BELLS.

No. 98. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TREVAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove;
2. I heard the blessed sto - ry Of Him who died to save;
3. His gracious words of par-don Were mu - sic to my heart;
4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow;
4. Oh, crown Him King for-ev - er! My Sav - iour and my friend;

I'll join the heav'n-ly voic-es, And sing re-deem - ing-love.
The love of Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.
He took a - way my bur-den And bade my fears de - part.
It pours from Calv'ry's mountain, With blessings in its flow.
By Zi - on's crys - tal riv - er His praise shall nev-er end.

CHORUS.

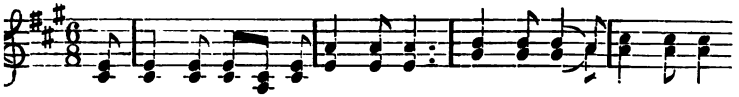
For there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood, Pow'r in Je-sus' blood;

There's pow'r in Je - sus' blood To wash me white as snow.

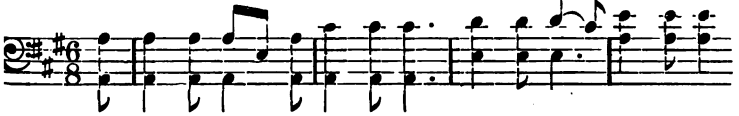
Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

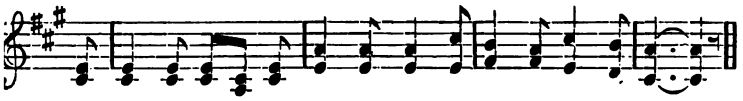
No. 99. Dear Saviour, I Would Come to Thee.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per. Arranged.

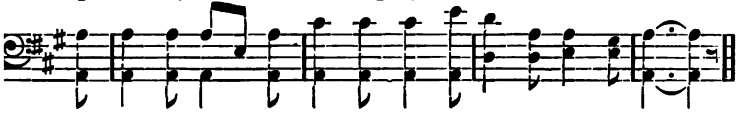


1. Dear Saviour, I would come to Thee, come to Thee, come to Thee:
2. Tho' long I've wandered far from Thee, far from Thee, far from Thee;
3. To Thee for mer - cy now I cry, now I cry now I cry,
4. Although my sins as scar-let be, scar-let be, scar-let be;
5. O wash me in that stream di-vine, stream di-vine, stream di-vine;
6. Lord, I be - lieve in Thee to - day, Thee to- day, Thee to-day;

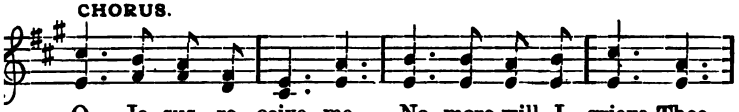




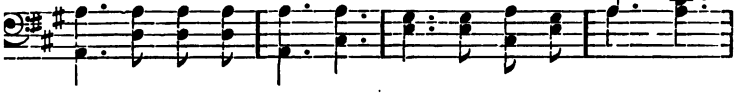
From sin's vile bondage set me free, O save me at the cross.
Show pi - ty, Lord, and par-don me, O save me at the cross.
To Thy dear arms would trembling fly, O save me at the cross.
Thy precious blood a-tones for me, O save me at the cross.
Ac - cept me, Lord, and call me Thine, O save me at the cross.
Help Thou my un - be - lief, I pray, O save me at the cross.

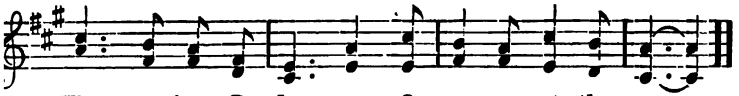


CHORUS.

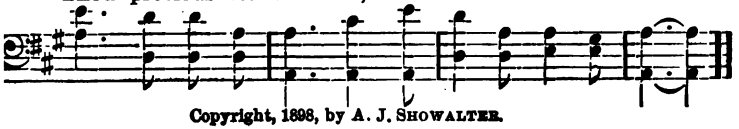


O Je - sus, re - ceive me, No more will I grieve Thee,





Thou precious Re - deem- er, O save me at the cross.



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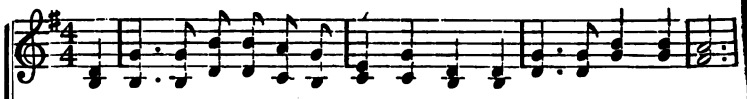
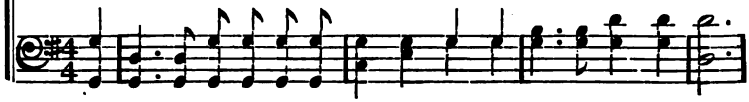
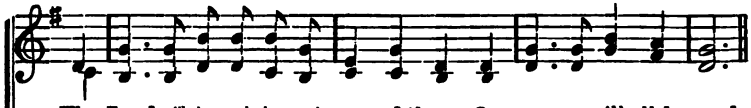
No. 100. Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter. By per.

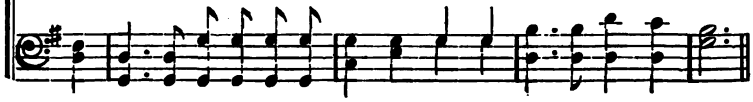


1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgement bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to never part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

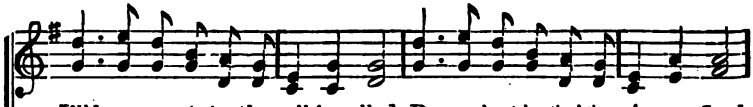




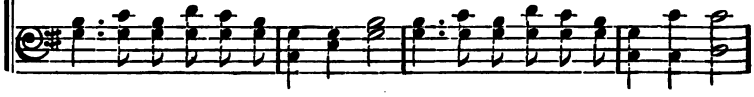
The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with Him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our burdens down at Je-sus' feet, And rest for-ev - er more.

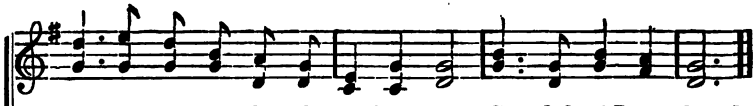


CHORUS.

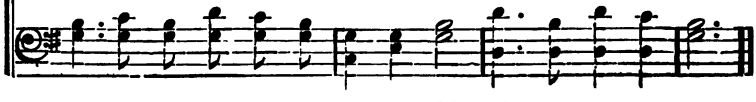


I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spot-less thro' the crimson flood;





I will an-swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je-sus blood.



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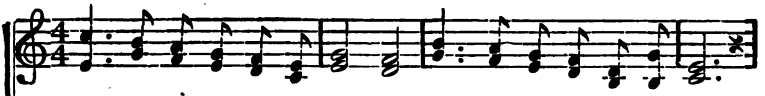
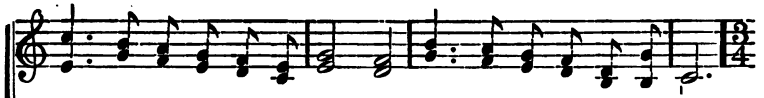
No. 101. Jesus' Blood.

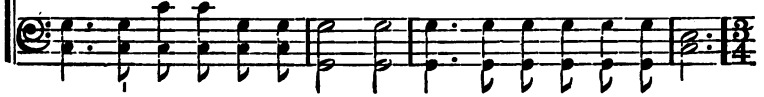
R. Robinson. Arr. by J. Lincoln Hall. By per.



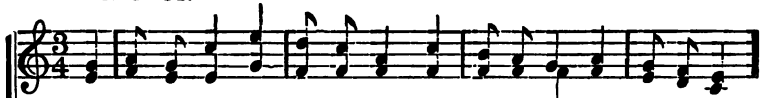
1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
2. Teach me some melodious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above;
3. Here I'll raise mine E-ben-e - zer, Hith - er, by thy help, I'm come;
4. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God:



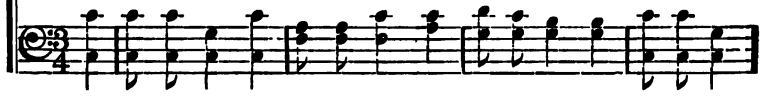
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy re-deem-ing love!
And I hope, by thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
He, to rescue me from dan - ger, In-ter-posed his precious blood!

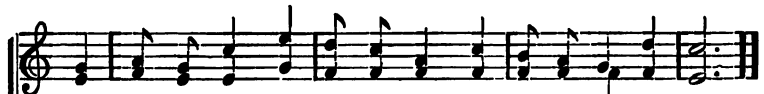


CHORUS.

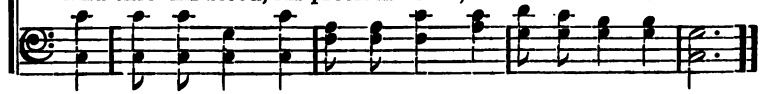


I do be-lieve, I now believe, That Je-sus died for you and me;





And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I am from sin set free.



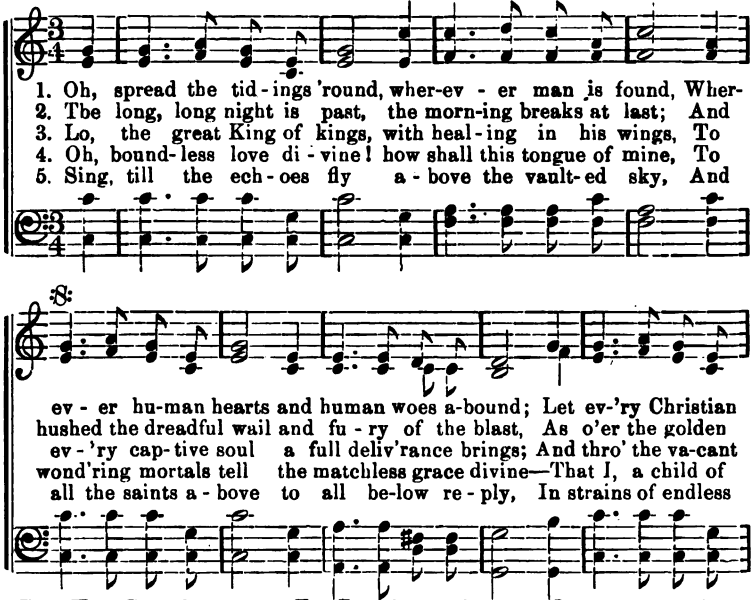
Arr. Copyright, 1899, by Hall-Mack Co.

5 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

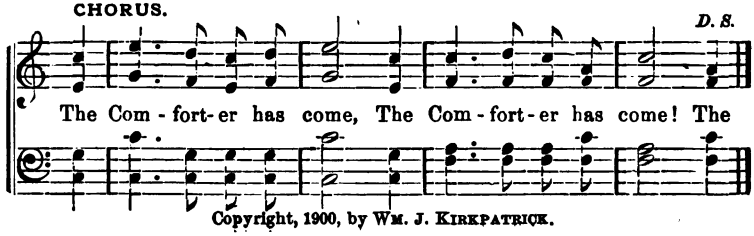
6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 102. The Comforter Has Come.

Rev. F. Bottombe, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.



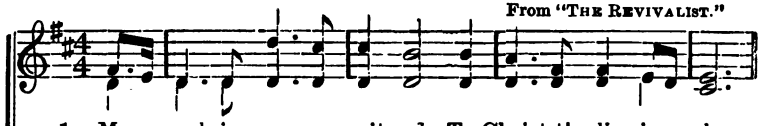
CHORUS.



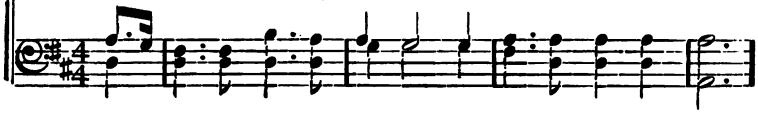
Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 103. Christ is all the World to Me.

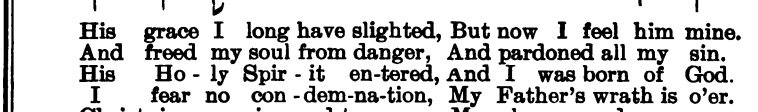
From "The Revivalist."



1. My soul is now u - nit - ed To Christ the liv - ing vine;
2. I was to God a stranger Till Je - sus took me in
3. Soon as my all I ventured On the a - ton - ing blood,
4. Still Christ is my sal - va - tion, What can I cov - et more?
5. I taste a heavenly pleasure, And need not fear a frown;

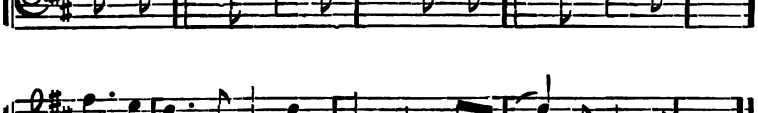


His grace I long have slighted, But now I feel him mine.
And freed my soul from danger, And pardoned all my sin.
His Ho - ly Spir - it en-tered, And I was born of God.
I fear no con - dem-na-tion, My Father's wrath is o'er.
Christ is my joy and treas-ure, My glo - ry and my crown.

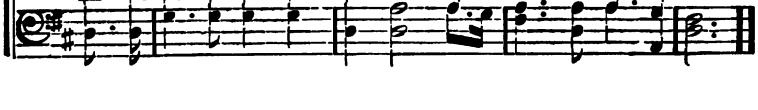


CHORUS.

Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall see.



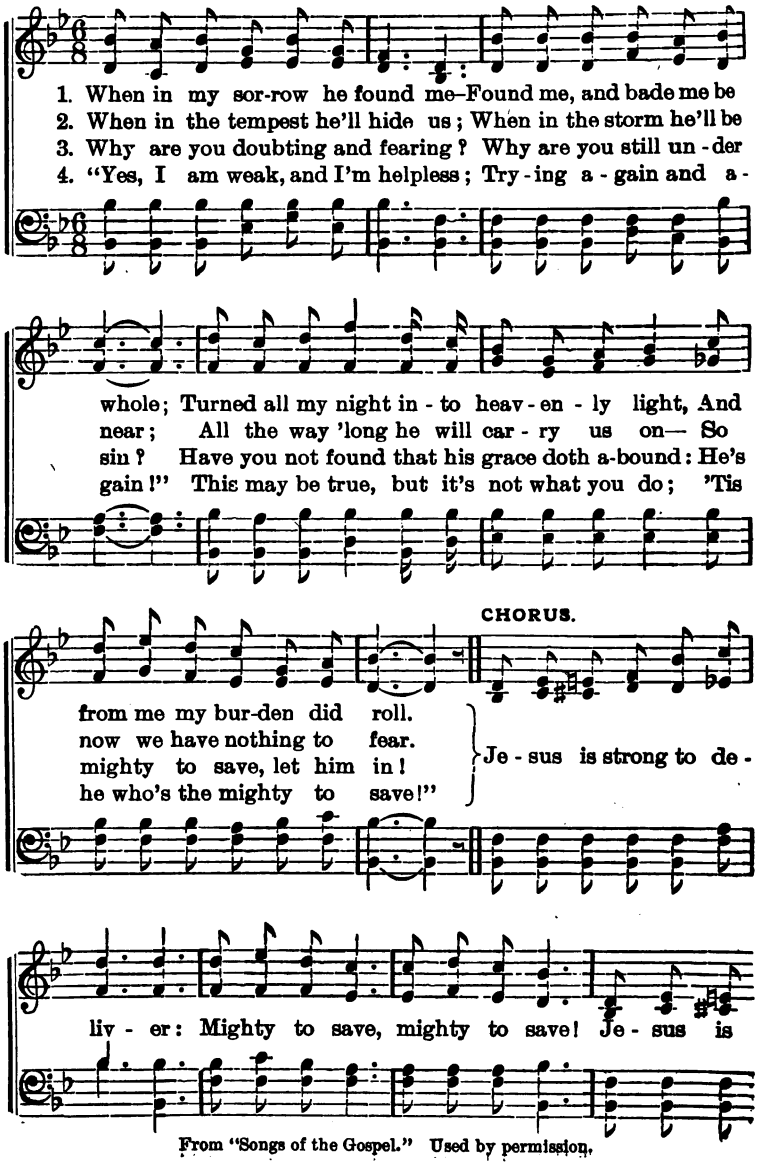
And before I'd leave my Saviour, I'd lay me down and die.



No. 104. Jesus is Strong to Deliver!

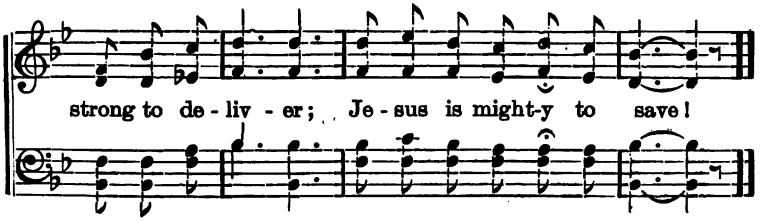
"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."—DANIEL 3: 17.

W. MAY. J. P. WESTON.



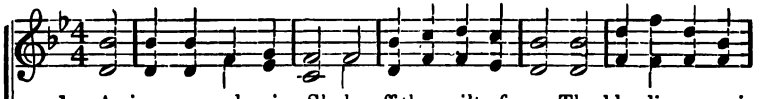
From "Songs of the Gospel." Used by permission.

Jesus is Strong to Deliver!—Concluded.

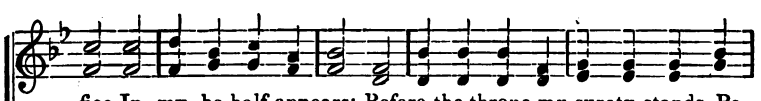


No. 105. Arise, my Soul.

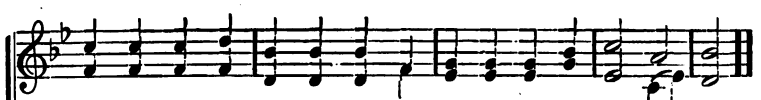
CHARLES WESLEY. Tune: LENOX. H. M.



1. A-rise, my soul, arise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac-ri-
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede, His all redeeming
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual
4. The Father hears him pray, His dear annointed one: He cannot turn a-
5. My God is reconciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for his



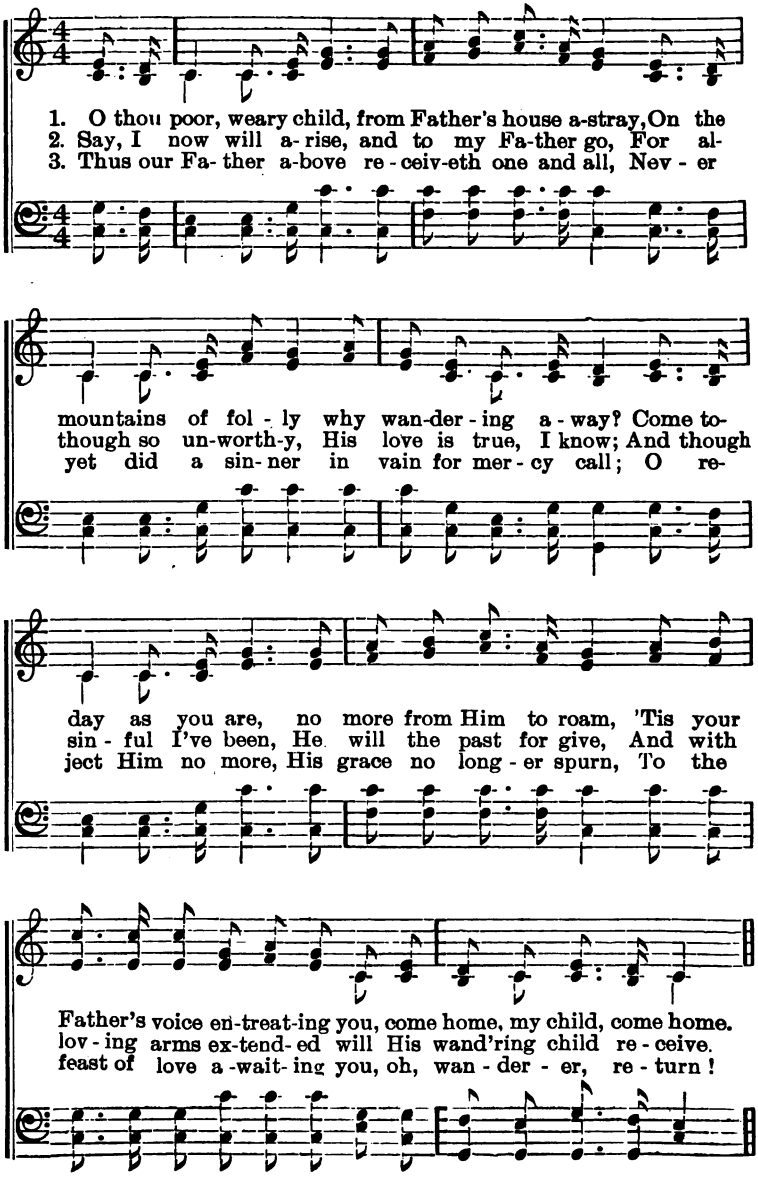
fice In my be-half appears: Before the throne my surety stands, Be -
love, His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race, His
pray'rs, They strongly plead for me: "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry, "For-
way The presence of his Son: His Spir-it answers to the blood, His
child; I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh, With



fore the throne my surety stands, My name is written on his hands.
blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
give, him, O for-give" they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin-ner die."
Spir - it answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Father, Abba, Fa - ther, cry.

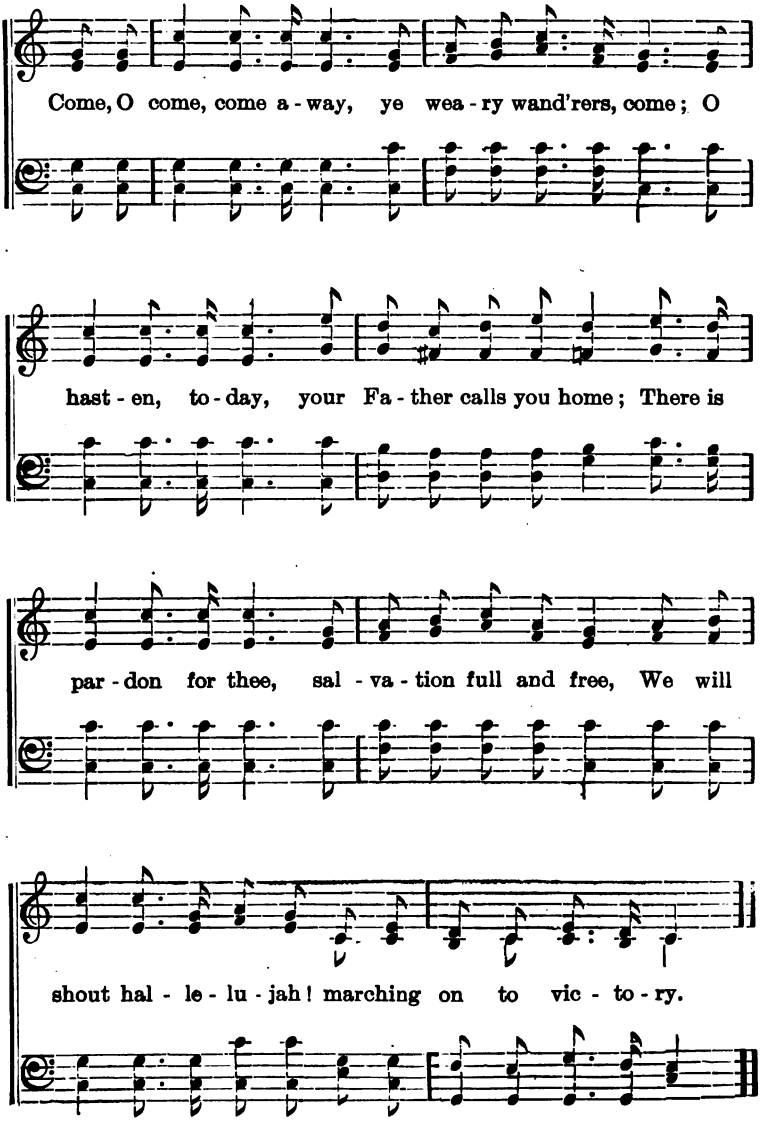
No. 106. Marching On to Victory.

Mrs. C. H. Morris. Alt. Music and Chorus by C. E. Bowley.



Marching On to Victory.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

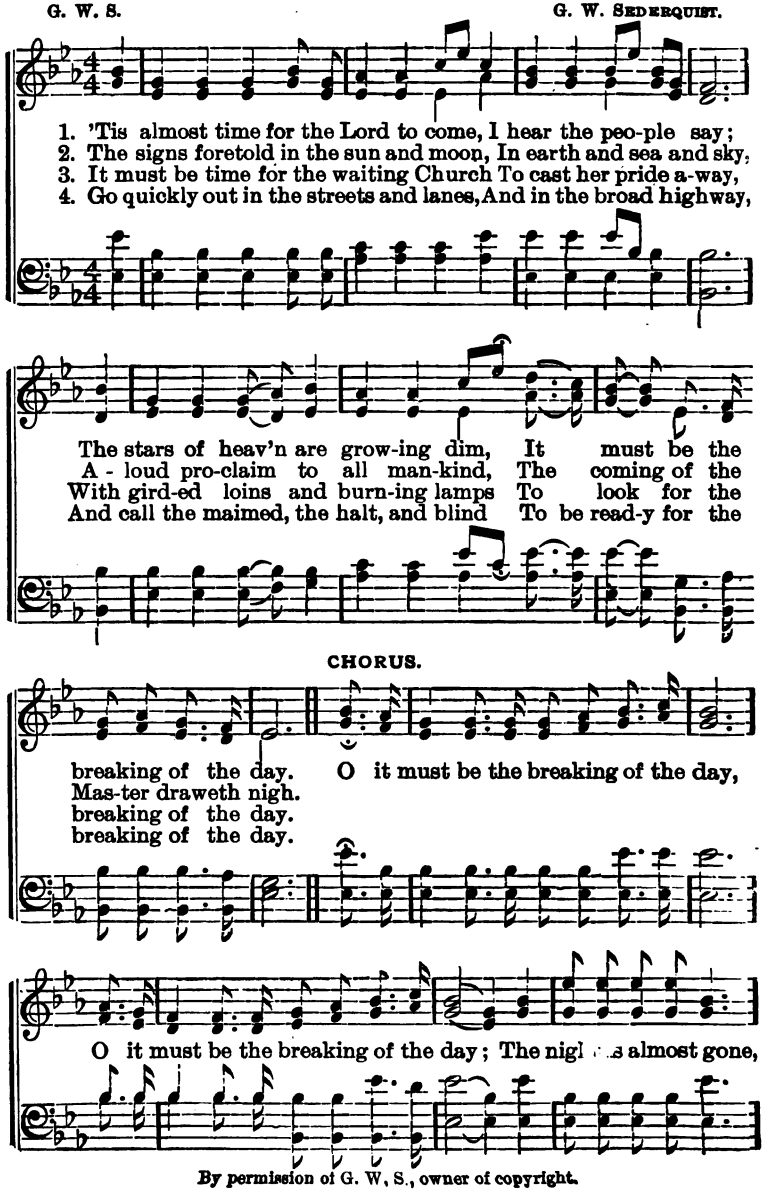


Copyright, 1901, by C. E. Rowley.

No. 107. Breaking of the Day.

"I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."—John 14 : 18.

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.



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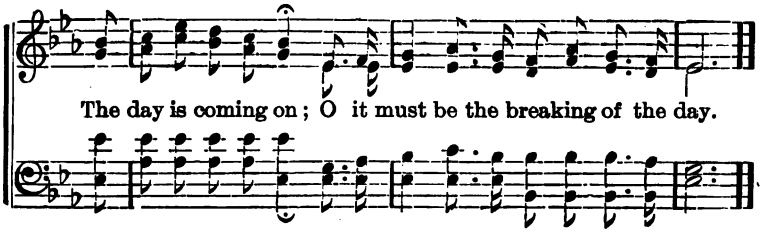
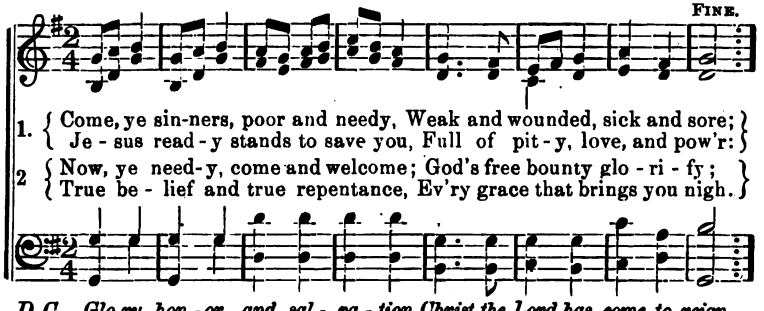
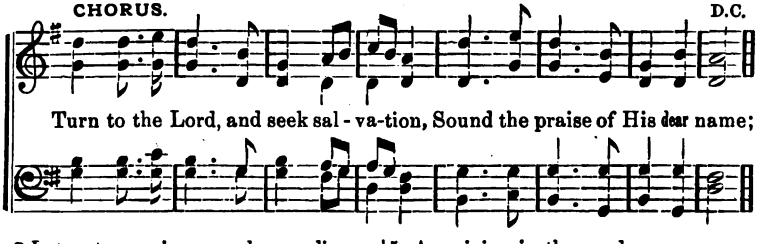
Breaking of the Day.—Concluded.



No. 108. Turn to the Lord.

Rev. Joseph Hart. (8s & 7s.) Jeremiah Ingalls.





3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of him,
‖: This he gives you; :‖
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

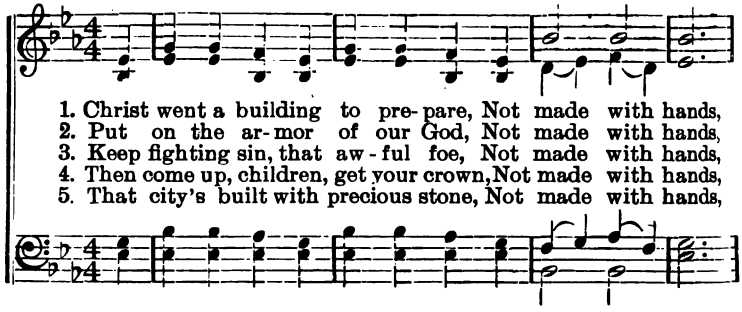
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
‖: Not the righteous—:‖
Sinners Jesus *came to* call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
‖: "It is finished!" :‖
Sinners, will not this suffice?

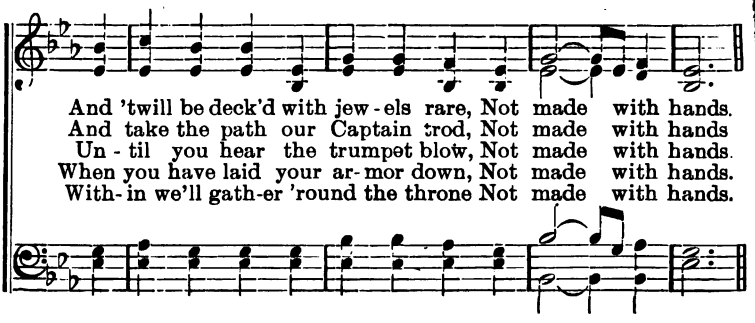
6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude;
‖: None but Jesus :‖
Can do helpless sinners good.

No. 109. Not Made With Hands.

Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN. By per. Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.

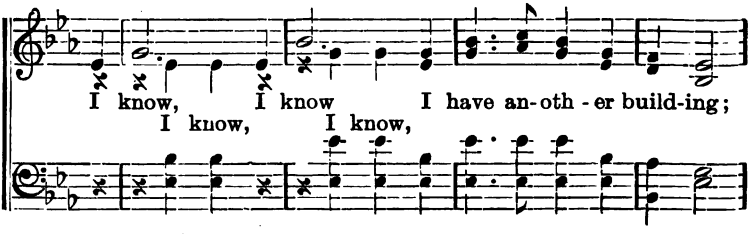


1. Christ went a building to pre-pare, Not made with hands,
2. Put on the ar-mor of our God, Not made with hands,
3. Keep fighting sin, that aw-ful foe, Not made with hands,
4. Then come up, children, get your crown, Not made with hands,
5. That city's built with precious stone, Not made with hands,

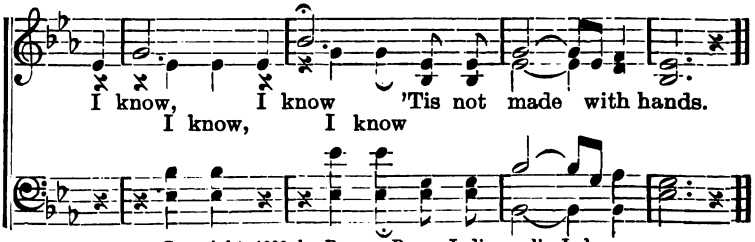


And 'twill be deck'd with jew-els rare, Not made with hands.
And take the path our Captain trod, Not made with hands
Un-til you hear the trumpet blow, Not made with hands.
When you have laid your ar-mor down, Not made with hands.
With-in we'll gath-er 'round the throne Not made with hands.

CHORUS.



I know, I know I have an-oth-er build-ing;
I know, I know,



I know, I know 'Tis not made with hands.
I know, I know

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No. 110. Fellowship Song.

LEVI GILBERT, D. D. Rev. N. S. BRACKNEY.

Vigorously.

1. Broth-ers of our Epworth Band, Wide-ly tho' you're part-ed,
2. North and South, and East and West, By one faith u - nit - ed;
3. Let our tes - ti - mo - nies blend, Je - sus Christ con-fess-ing;
4. Leagued against the pow'rs of sin, Knowing no re-treat-ing;
5. Heav'nly Fa - ther, hear us now, For our du - ty nerve us;

Grasp each oth - er by the hand, Pledge a love true-heart - ed.
In the Church we love the best, At her al - tars plight - ed.
Let our songs and pray'rs as-cend, Belt the earth with bless - ing.
Chris-tian soldiers, mus-ter in, Sa - tan's host de - feat - ing..
Strengthen us to keep our vow, In the ho - ly serv - ice.

CHORUS.

Fling our Ep-worth Ban-ners out, Tell our youth its sto - ry;

On-ward march with song and shout, Vic - to - ry and glo - ry.

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No. 111. Jesus Will Help You.

WM. STEVENSON. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. The Sav - iour is call - ing you, sin - ner— Urg - ing you
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, oh
3. The Sav - iour is call - ing you, wand'rer— Points you to
4. There's dan-ger in long - er de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the

now to draw nigh; He asks you by faith to re-ceive Him;
why will you die? Ac- cept Him by faith as your Sav-iour;
mansions on high; Re-turn to the path that leads homeward;
moments pass by; If now you will come, there is mer-cy;

REFRAIN.

Je-sus will help if you try. Je-sus will help you, Je-sus will

help you, Help you with grace from on high; The weakest and

poor-est the Saviour is call-ing; Je-sus will help if you try.

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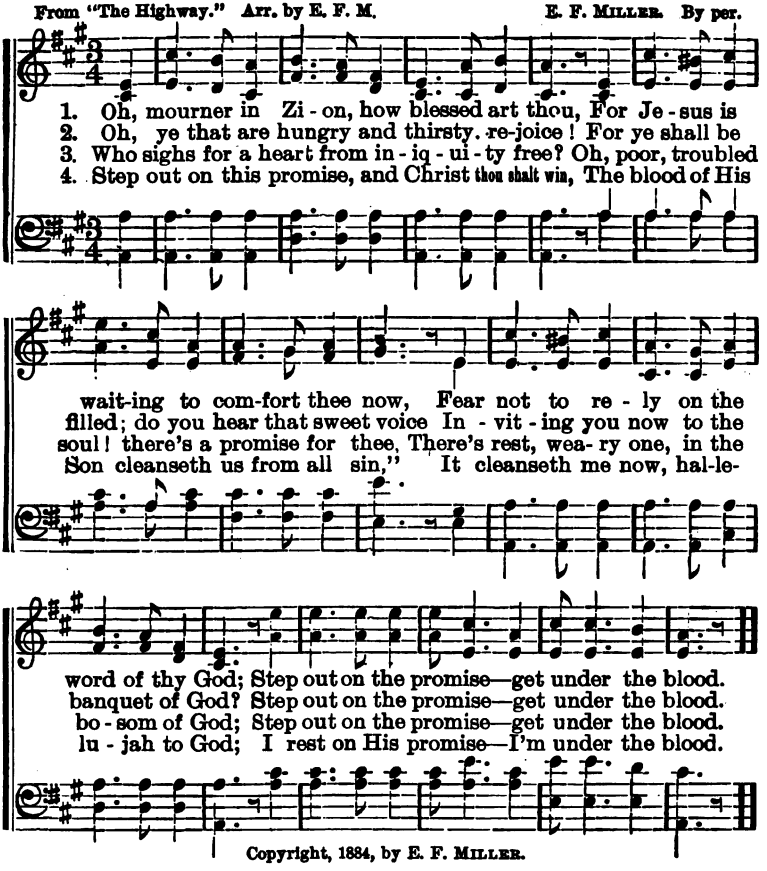
No. 112. Step Out On the Promise.

From "The Highway." Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER. By per.



Copyright, 1884, by E. F. MILLER.

No. 113. Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

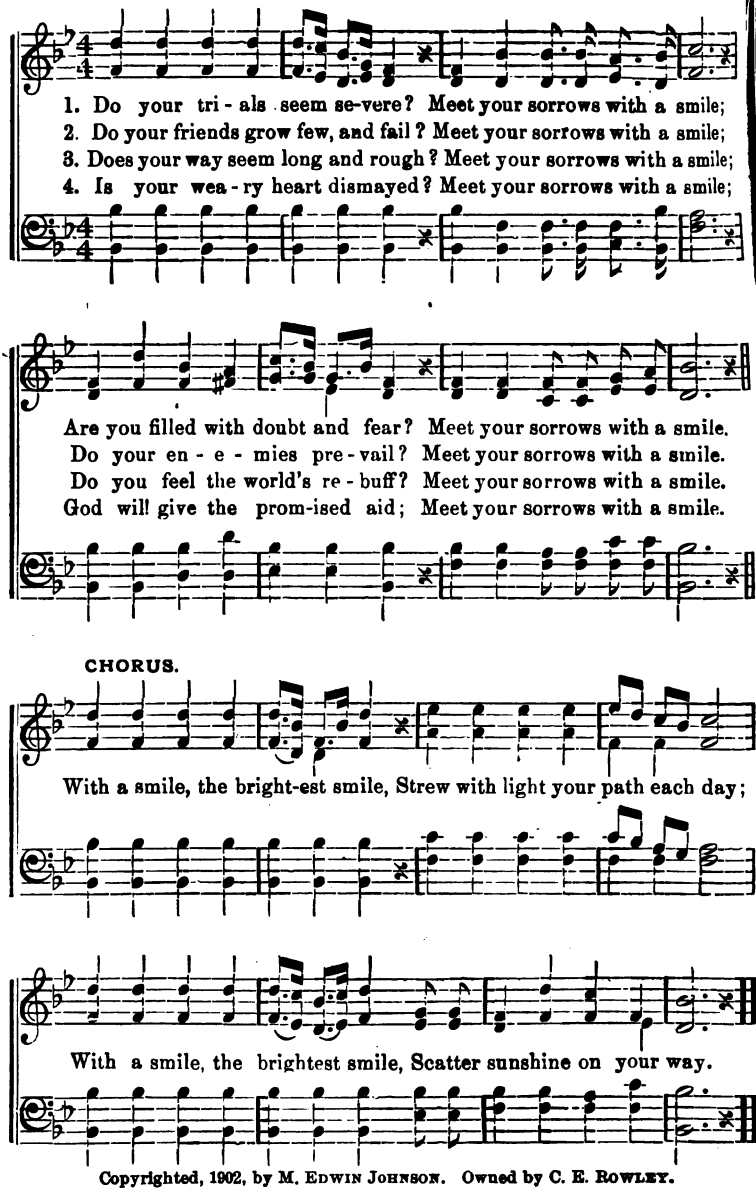
3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in!

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 114. Meet Your Sorrows With a Smile.

Words by Mrs. Minnie Brubaker. Music by M. Edwin Johnson.



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No. 115. It Pays to Serve Jesus.

E. G. C. ELI G. CHRISTY.

1. It pays to serve Je-sus, I speak from my heart; He'll always be
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found
4. How rich is the blessing the world can-not give, I'm sat-is-fied

with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
Saviour,—my mind wanders back To the place where they nailed Him on
par-don,—twas heaven to me; There Je-sus spoke sweetly to
ful-ly for Je-sus to live, Tho' friends may for-sake me and

:S: FINE.

pleasure af-ford, There's peace and contentment in serv-ing the Lord.
Cal-va-ry's tree—I hear a voice say-ing: "I suf-fered for thee!"
my wea-ry soul, My sins were for-giv-en, He made my heart whole.
tri-als a-rise, I'm trust-ing in Je-sus, His love nev-er dies.

D.S.-ev-er the cost, I'll be a true sol-dier,—I'll die at my post.

CHORUS.

{ I love Him far better than in days of yore,
{ I'll serve Him more truly than ever before, } I'll do as He bids me what-

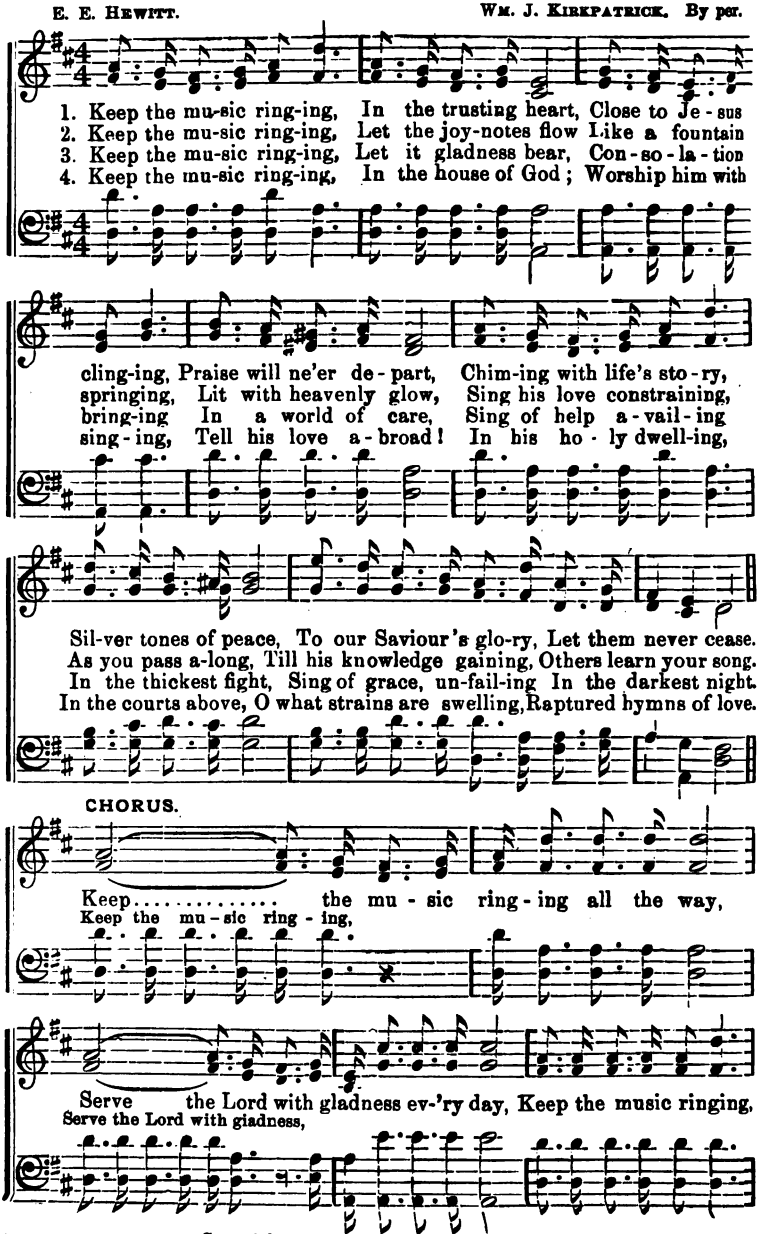
5 There is no one like Jesus can cheer me to-day, [fade away,
His love and His kindness can ne'er
In winter, in summer, in sunshine and rain, [same.
His love and affection are always the

6 Will you have this blessing that Jesus bestows, [knows?
A free, full salvation—as every one
Oh, sinner, poor sinner, to Calvary flee,
The blood of my Saviour was shed there for thee.

Copyright, 1894, by JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

No. 116. Keep the Music Ringing.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.



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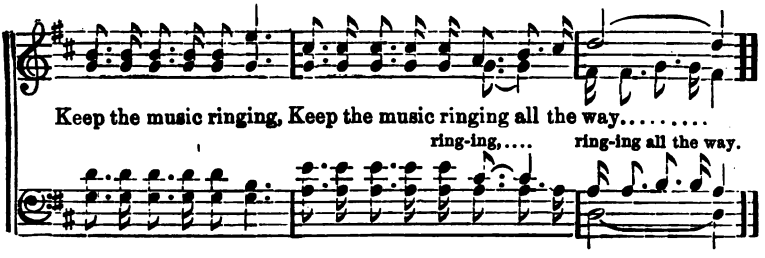
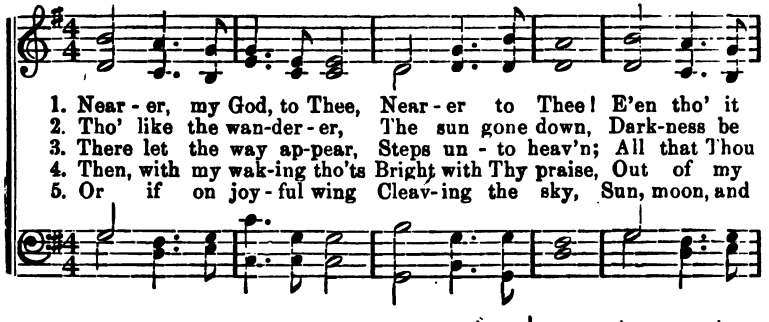
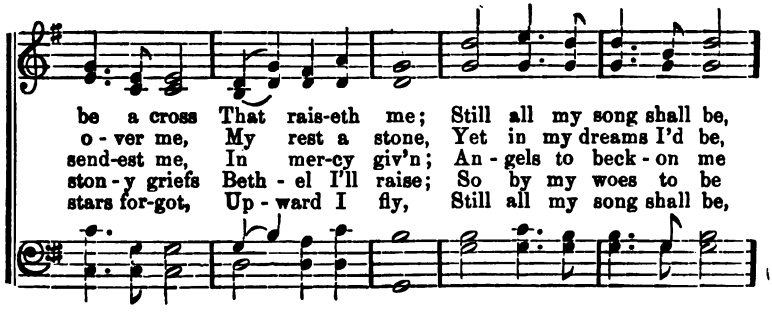
Keep the Music Ringing.—Concluded.

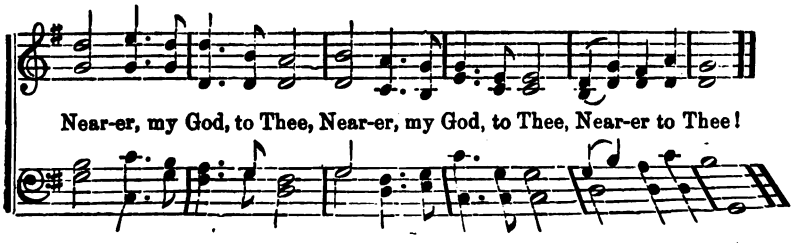


No. 117. Bethany. 6s, 4s.

S. F. Adams. Dr. Lowell Mason. 1792-1872.







No. 118. Now I Know Jesus Saves.

Words and music by C. E. Rowley.

1. I am coming to the cross, Freely counting all but dross, That I may this great sal-va-tion ob-tain; With my sins I'll gladly part, And to Je-sus give my heart, Then forev-er with Him in glo-ry reign.
2. Tho' the mighty billows roll, Tossing wild-ly round my soul, As if threat'ning me with dark-est despair; I will trust my blessed Lord, Who up-holds me by His Word, And will guide me into the haven fair.
3. E-ven now the light di-vine Thro' and thro' my soul doth shine. And I taste the joys of His wondrous love; I will run the Christian race, Till in heav'n I take my place, With the angels and ransomed ones a-bove.

CHORUS.

I be-lieve Je-sus saves, I be-lieve Jesus saves ev-en me;
I be-lieve Je-sus saves,

Yes, I know, now I know, Je-sus saves, freely saves even me,
Yes, I know, now I know,

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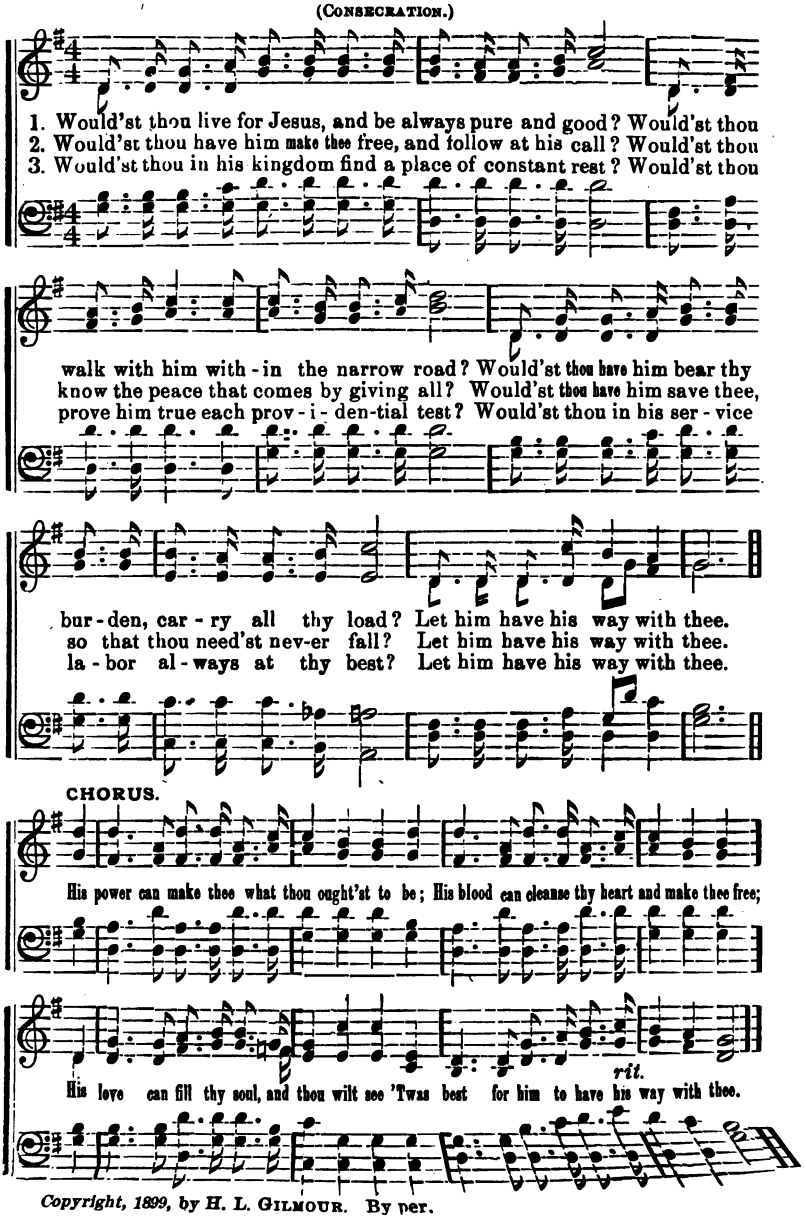
No. 119. His Way With Thee.

C. S. N. *Psalm 37 : 5.* Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

(Consecration.)



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No. 120. Jesus Will Lead You On.

Rev. J. W. Van Cleve, D. D. Alt. M. Edwin Johnson. By p

1. Je - sus, the Conq'ror, who calls us to fol - low, Lifts high His
2. Might-y the host rall - ied now for the con - flict, Hear the ho
3. "Ar-mies of a - liens" are flee - ing be - fore us, Crum-ble the

ban - ner, all blazoned with light; Gives us the vic - t'ry, so
san - nas that joy - ful - ly ring; Fall in - to line, bold - ly
ranks as re - treat - ing they go; Let ev - 'ry voice join the

gird on your ar-mour, Un - der His standard go forth to the fight!
march to the bat - tle, Shout, shout the chorus of praise to our King!
glad shout of triumph: Glo - ry to Je - sus! we conquer each foe.

CHORUS.—*Spirited.*

Fol - low His ban-ner bright, Un-der its folds of light, Man-ful - ly,

brave-ly fight, You can-not fail: Fight tho' your strength seems gone,

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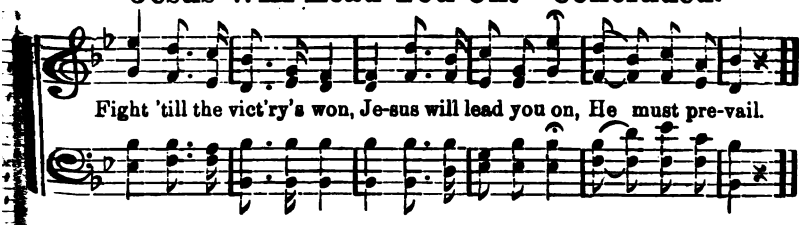
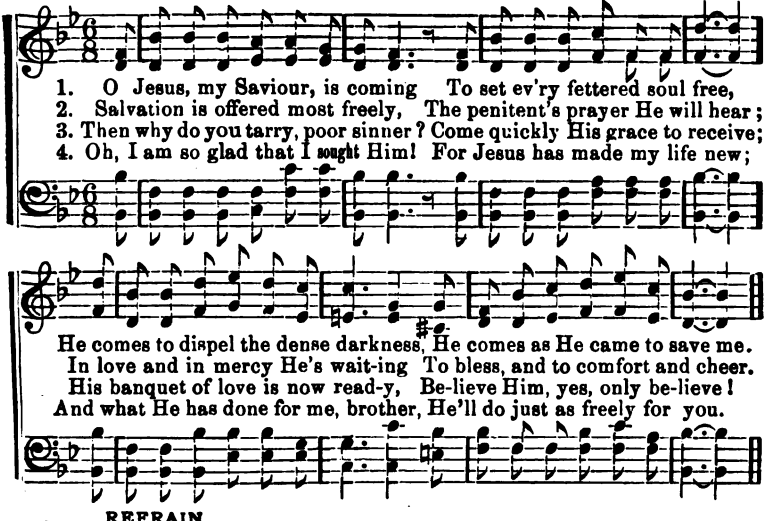
Jesus Will Lead You On.—Concluded.



No. 121. Jesus Is All to Me.

First verse and chorus by M. E. J.
Last three verses by C. E. Rowley.

M. Edwin Johnson. By per.



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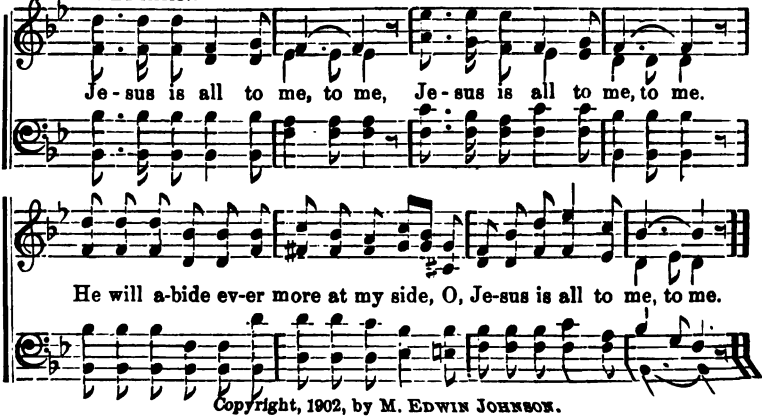

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No. 122. 'Tis Burning In My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent his might-y pow'r To this poor, sin - ful heart, To
2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A
3. No good that I have done, His prom-ise I em-braee; Ac-

keep me ev-'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since his Spirit came
willing off'ring now, My all from day to day, My Saviour paid the price,
cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by his grace, All glo-ry be to God!

To take supreme control, The love enkindled flame Is burning in my soul.
My name he sweetly calls; Up-on the sac-ri-fice The fire from heaven falls.
Let hal-le-lu-jahs roll; His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly
Ho-ly Spir-it came, All glo-ry to his name! The fire of heav'nly

1 2

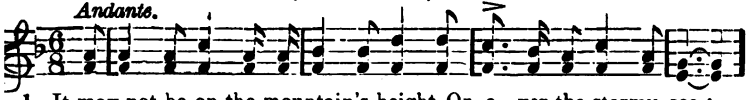
love is burn-ing in my soul. The
love is burning [*Omit.* .....] in my soul.
burn-ing in my soul. burn-ing in my soul.

Copyright, 1896, by WM J. KIRKPATRICK. Used by per.

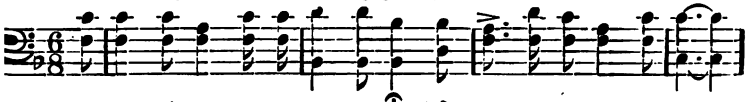
No. 123. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

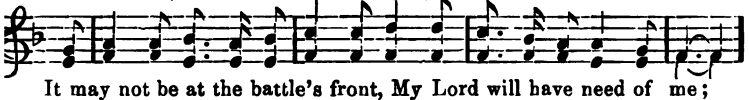
MARY BROWN. ("Consecration.") CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

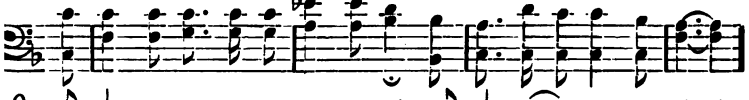


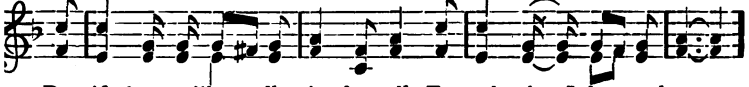
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea ;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



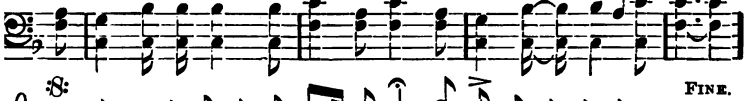


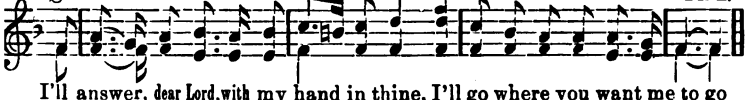
It may not be at the battle's front, My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—





But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,

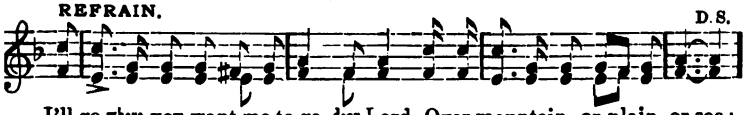




I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go
My voice shall ech-o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.--I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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No. 124. We'll Never Pass Again This Way.

MRS. M. M. NEWTON. E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. As the path of life we tread, 'Tis a tho't of joy and dread,
2. As we ev - er on - ward go, Seeds of truth and love we'll sow;
3. There's no du - ty we should shun, There's no task to leave un-done,
4. For the past 'tis vain to grieve, Since its loss we'll ne'er re-trieve;
5. Tho' the fu - ture is un-known, Still the pres - ent is our own;

We shall nev - er pass a - gain this way.
Nev - er pass a - gain this way.

Tho' the way be dark or bright, Let us strive to walk a-right;
Still for oth - ers they will bloom, And will shed a sweet per-fume
Let us do what good we can, Let us help our fel - low-man
All the wrong has been for-giv'n, Blot - ted from the book of heav'
Let us care - ful be each day, What we do and what we say;

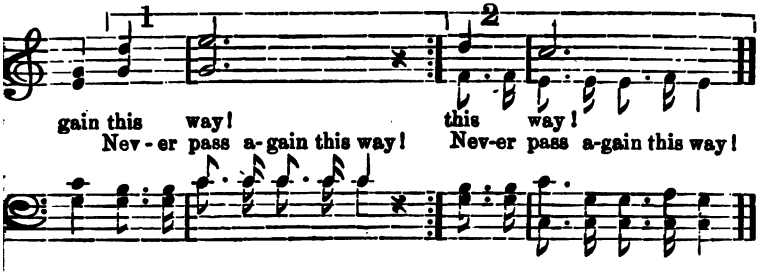
We shall nev - er pass a - gain this way, ...
Nev - er pass a-gain this way, No,

REFRAIN.

Nev-er!..... nev-er! We shall nev - er pass a-
Nev-er, no nev-er! nev-er, no nev-er!

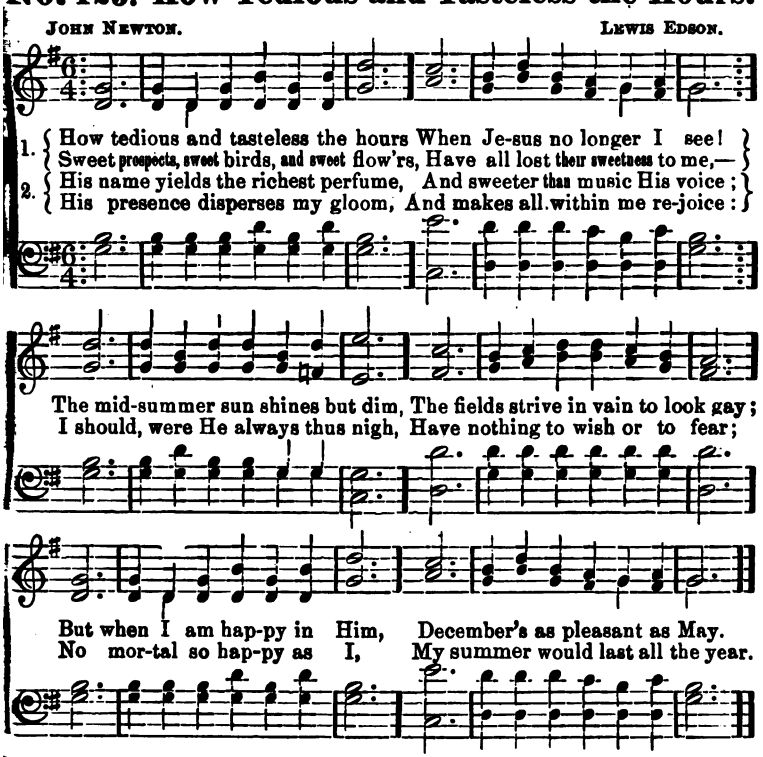
Copyright, 1901, by E. S. LORENZ.

We'll Never Pass Again This Way. Concluded.



No. 125. How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours.

JOHN NEWTON. LEWIS EDSON.



3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 126. He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—JER. 31 : 3. *For I am the Lord, I change not."*—MAL. 3 : 6.

F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.

Tenor and Alto Duet.

1. My Father has many dear chil-dren; Will He ev-er for-get to keep me? He gave His own Son to redeem them, And He can-not for-
2. Our Father remembers the spar-rows, Their val-ue and fall He doth see; But dear-er to Him are His chil-dren, And He'll never for-
3. The words of the Lord are so priceless, How patient and watchful is He; Tho' moth-er for-get her own off-spring, Yet He'll never for-
4. I now will a-bide in His shad-ow, Nev-er rest-less nor fearful will be; In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-
5 O brother, why don't you accept Him? He of-fers sal-va-tion so free; Re-pent and be-lieve and o-bey Him, And He'll never for-

REFRAIN.

get to keep me. He'll nev-er for-get to keep me (keep me), He'll nev-er for-get to keep me (keep me); He gave His own
5th v. get to keep thee. He'll nev-er for-get to keep thee (keep thee), He'll nev-er for-get to keep thee (keep thee); Tho' moth-er for-
nev-er for-get to keep me (keep me); But dear-er to
nev-er for-get to keep me (keep me); In the se-cret of His
nev-er for-get to keep thee (keep thee); Re-pent and be-

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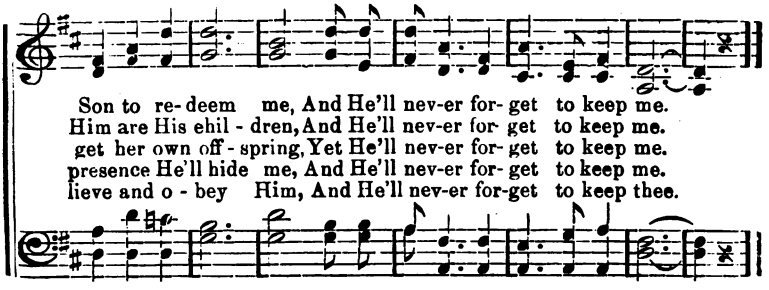
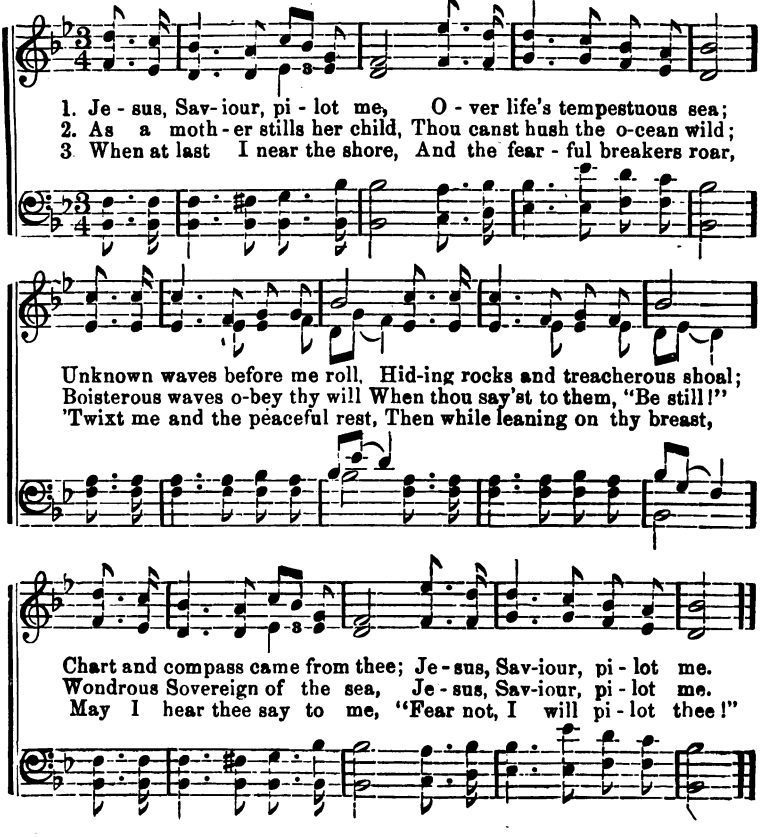
He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.—Concluded.



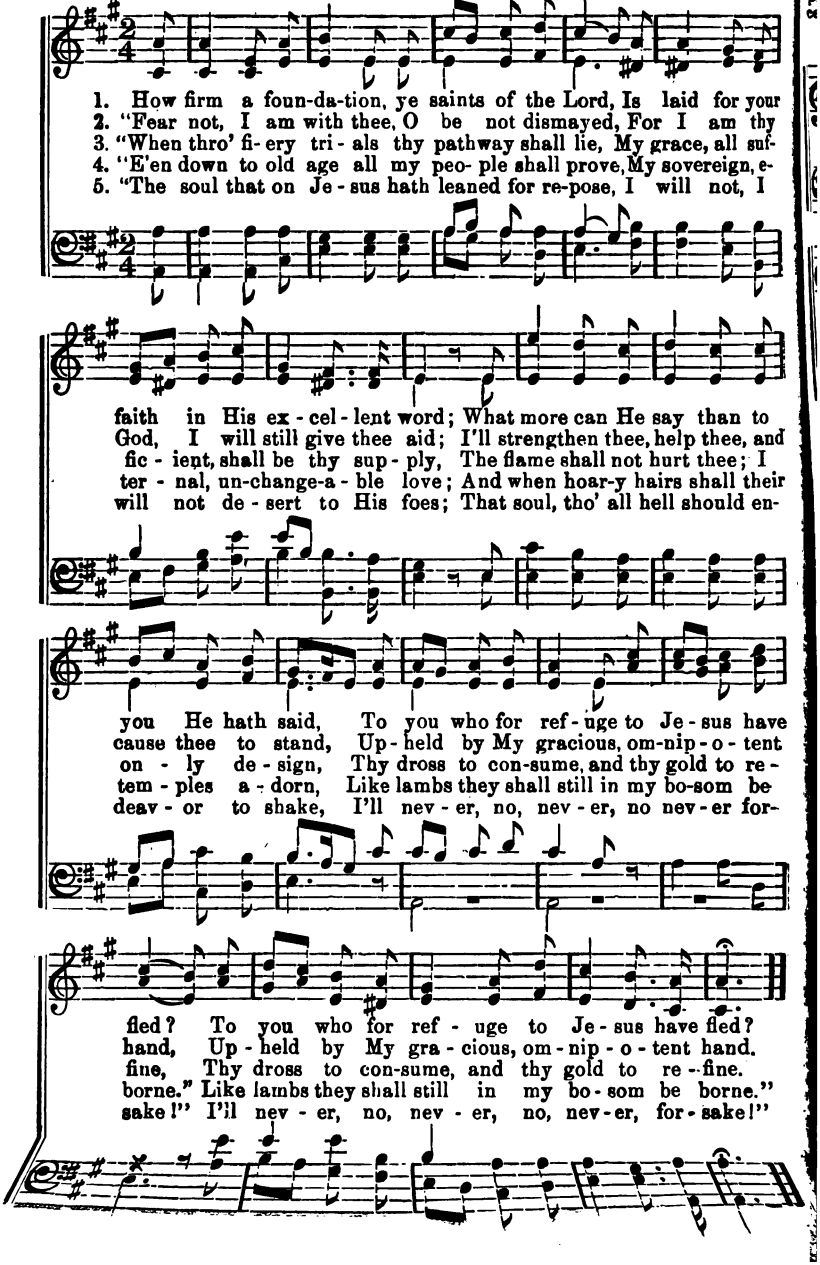
No. 127. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.



No. 128. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. (*Tune:—Portuguese Hymn, 11s.*) M. PORTOGALLO.



No. 129. Rise, Shine.*

* The following song is one of great inspiration. Its power seems to lie in its simplicity. It should be sung throughout as written, singing each stanza in the peculiar accent of syncopation.—EDITOR.

CHORUS. Arranged.

Rise, shine, give God the glo-ry, Rise, shine, give God the glo-ry,

Rise, shine, give God the glo-ry, Sold-iers of the cross.

1. Do you think I'll make a soldier, Do you think I'll make a soldier,
2. Yes, I think I'll make a soldier, Yes, I think I'll make a soldier,

Do you think I'll make a sold-ier, Soldiers of the cross.
Yes, I think I'll make a sold-ier, Soldiers of the cross.

3. I'm so glad I've joined the army, etc.
4. Jesus is our mighty captain, etc.
5. He has never lost a battle, etc.
6. By and by we'll go and meet Him, etc.
7. Won't that be a happy meeting, etc.
8. There we'll shout and sing forever, etc.

No. 130. Marching to Glory.

Words by H. T. LUSK. May be sung to "Marching Through Georgia."

1. O the good the Wesleys did on full salvation lines,
When they preached of Pentecost almost ten thousand times;
Preached it and they sang it in their hymns of many rhymes,
While they were marching to glory.

CHORUS.—All hail! all hail! we'll sound the jubilee,
All hail! all hail! salvation full and free;
So we'll sing the chorus over all the land and sea,
While we go marching to glory.

2. O the way the Wesleys taught, the way of holiness,
By their lives, their deeds, their words they with the mouth confessed;
Perfect love, and *that is all*, and nothing *more nor less*,
While they were marching to glory.

3. O the good we all may do while following our Guide,
Till we reach the land of rest with all the sanctified;
Though the enemies of Christ with one consent deride,
While we go marching to glory.

4. Come along and join our band, and on to glory go;
Jesus' blood will wash you white, yes, whiter than the snow;
So the Psalmist said to us three thousand years ago,
While he was marching to glory.

5. Now we see the coming of the glorious jubilee,
Saints are joining in the song—Salvation full and free,
Since 't is promised in His Word it is for you and me,
While we go marching to glory.

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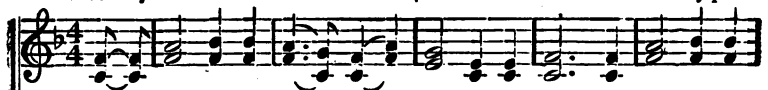
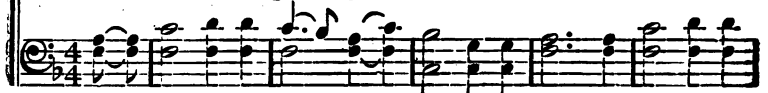
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

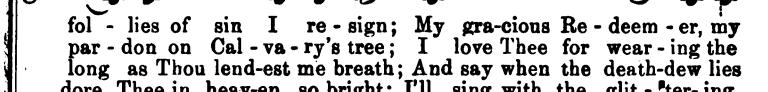
London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon. By per.



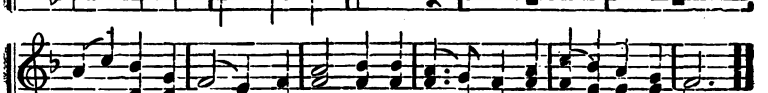
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter- ing



Sav - iour art Thou,
thorns on Thy brow;
cold on my brow,
crown on my brow;
} If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



O For a Heart to Praise My God.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

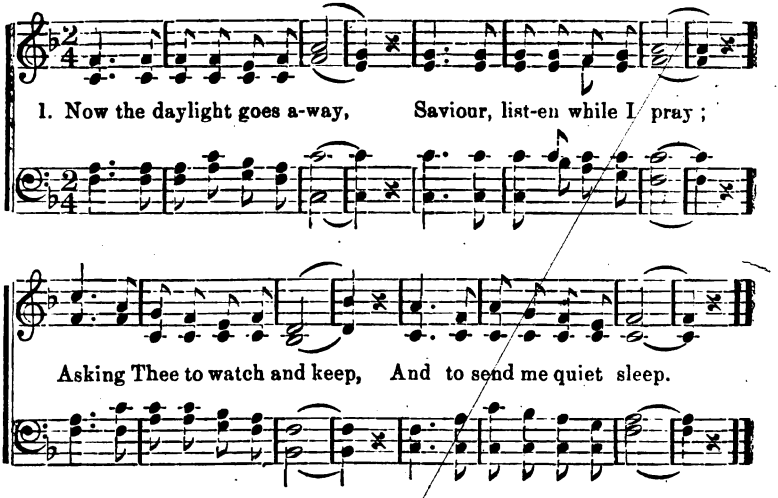
3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love!

Vespers.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. German Evening Hymn.



2 Jesus, Saviour, wash away,
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

3 Let my near and dear ones be,
Always near and dear to Thee;
O bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above.

4 Now my evening praise I give;
Thou didst die that I might live,
All my blessings come from Thee,
O how good Thou art to me!

5 Thou my best and kindest Friend!
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before.

The Ten Commandments.

Put into short and easy rhymes for children.

1. Thou shalt have no more gods but me.
2. Before no idol bend thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Dare not the Sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Steal not, though thou be poor and mean.
9. Make not a willful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

Shorter Catechism.